

PART
381

THE

PRICE
6D.

LEISURE HOUR

SEPTEMBER, 1883.

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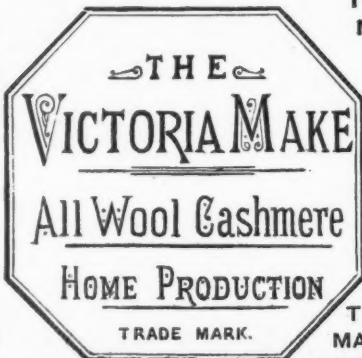
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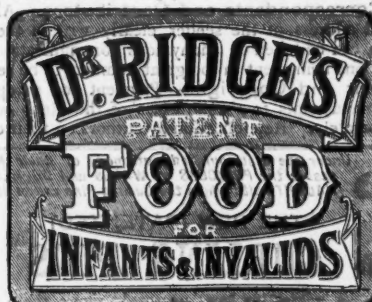
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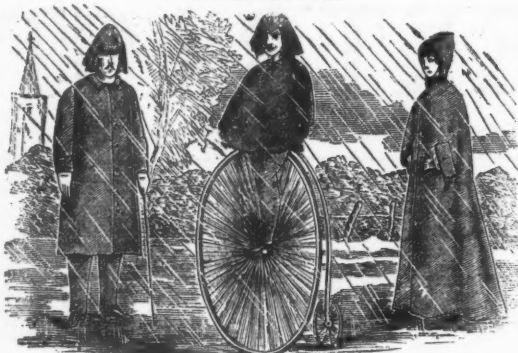
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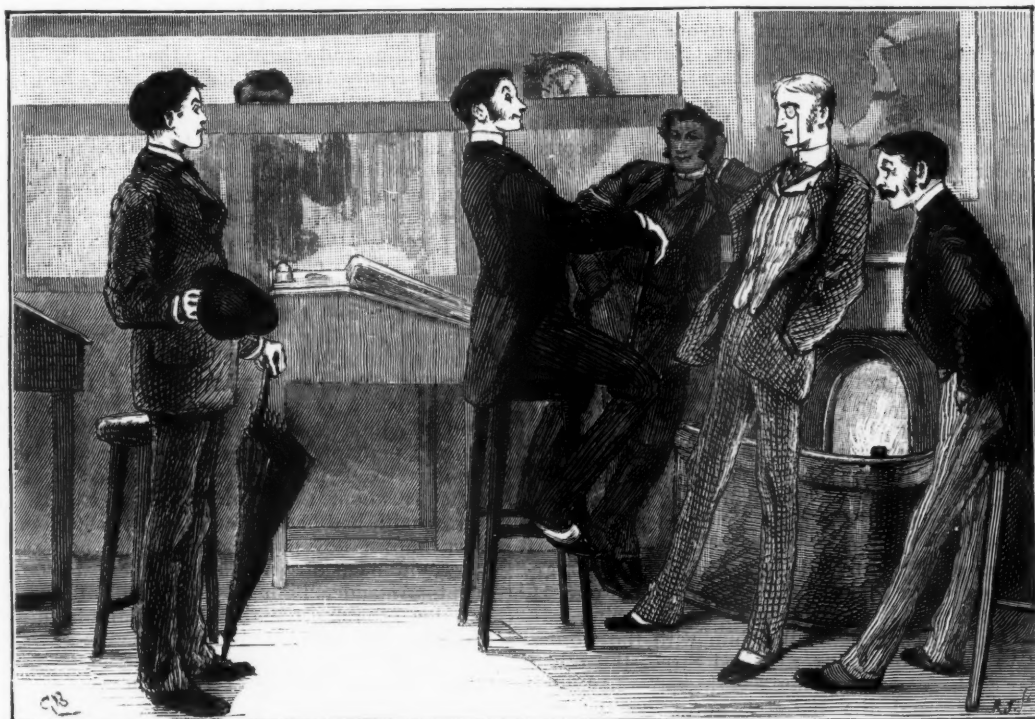


GATHERING FRUIT IN NORMANDY.

THE LATCH-KEY; OR, TOO MANY BY HALF.

BY T. S. MILLINGTON, AUTHOR OF 'STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.'

CHAPTER I.—A LARGE LITTLE FAMILY.



JOHN ARROWSMITH INTERRUPTS A PLEASANT CONVERSATION.

A COLD March wind was blowing, and many bushels of March dust were flying through the streets of London, driving their royal ransoms where they were not appreciated, into the eyes and throats and nostrils of morose pedestrians, as John Henry Arrowsmith, leaving the counting-house and warehouse in which he was head clerk and manager, turned his steps homeward after his day's work was done. He was a little later than usual, and had half a mind to indulge himself on that account with four-pennyworth of omnibus; but that was a temptation which came every day, and was every day resisted, except in rainy weather, when it was the truest economy to take an inside place—if it could be had. Fourpence a day, counting the working days only, would have come to something like

five pounds per annum, in addition to the five pounds which the morning journey cost him, and that was a consideration to John Henry Arrowsmith, as it is to most of us. So he buttoned up his coat and his pocket, and setting his face to the wind, with his eyes half closed, stepped out as bravely as he could for the suburb in which his home was situated. Hungerford Place, Peckham, was Mr. Arrowsmith's address; a very appropriate one, he used to say, for a man with a large family and a great many hungry children.

The warehouse in which Mr. Arrowsmith had spent the greater part of his business life, first as assistant and afterwards as superintendent, belonged to Messrs. Grindall and Co., drysalter. If any one should ask in these days, "What is a drysalter?" the answer might be given offhand,

as once it was by a much greater authority than the writer of this humble history, "Tate and Brady." Not that the Psalter of Tate and Brady is altogether dry. There are noble verses in it that have never been surpassed, if equalled, by ancient or modern hymnologists, which is not surprising, if one considers the source divine from whence their poetry as well as inspiration is derived; but aphorisms are not always meant to be interpreted literally, and the brevity of wit may sometimes clip the wings of truth. The contents of Messrs. Grindall and Co.'s drysaltery warehouse also were anything but dry, consisting chiefly of pickles, sauces, oils, vinegars, and all kinds of preserves and condiments, for the supply of shipping and the wholesale trade.

But it does not much matter to our readers what went into or came out of Messrs. Grindall's stores. We have to do with their manager, not with their dry goods, and with his social and domestic affairs rather than with his business relations; and when we have stated that the whole income he derived from those relations amounted to no more than £250 per annum, we have said enough; enough, that is, for our readers, though very far from enough from Mr. Arrowsmith's point of view, which, as we have already hinted, was that of a man with a large family.

And here again a question may be asked. What is a large family?

A poor woman was complaining one day that she did not receive her proper share of charitable gifts and doles. Her neighbour, Mrs. Hawke, in the next court, came in for everything and "got more than ever she was entitled to; for Mrs. Hawke had no family—not to speak of; only nine." "Only nine! how many then have you?" was the natural rejoinder. "Fourteen living," she replied.

But even fourteen is not such a very large number when one is used to it. Some one is said to have begun a story of some trifling adventure which had befallen him with the words, "As I was crossing over Oxford Street the other day with fourteen of my daughters"—Laughter followed, and the narrator never got beyond those introductory words. Yet there was something fine, almost heroic, in the contented, matter-of-fact way in which that man spoke of his belongings. "Fourteen of my daughters!" One naturally thinks of fourteen others left at home, to say nothing of sons, perhaps equally numerous. An unsympathising spectator, especially a cabman in a hurry to drive on, might have said that any one with such a following ought to have been crossing, not Oxford Street, but the Atlantic. But—*tutte le cose si stimano per rapporto*, as the proverb says. Everything depends upon the point of view from which things are regarded. We are apt to exaggerate our neighbours' burthens as well as their faults, and to forget the compensations of the former and the extenuations of the latter. Then again, the ages of the children and the status of the family have to be considered. There are "large little families," as they are called, which are the cause of infinite trouble and anxiety to their fond parents; and large families grown

up, the various members of which are often very helpful to each other, and a source of justifiable pride and pleasure to their authors. The old woman who lived in a shoe was, doubtless, very much to be pitied. All her many children must have been small, her house small, her income small; no mention is made of a husband; perhaps she was a widow; or perhaps her husband spent his time at a public-house, which under the circumstances would not be surprising. Yet, with all her difficulties, she could give her children broth, if she could not give them bread; and if they were short of clothing they had beds, or at least a bed to lie on, and she had other means of warming them; and if, after that, they gave her trouble, as the legend seems to imply, she had probably her own peculiar and old-fashioned ideas of discipline and education to thank for it.

John Henry Arrowsmith's large family had been very differently brought up; and it is hardly necessary to say that they were of different ages, and not all of the same size and standing as the old woman's "many children" seem to have been, from her impartial treatment of them "all round." There were eleven Arrowsmiths, not including the parents. "No family—not to speak of; only eleven." The eldest was a daughter, nineteen years of age, named Margaret; the youngest, also a daughter, who had been christened Julia, but who was generally spoken of as baby. Yet her father never called her baby; he was tired of that name or description, and preferred the lisping pronunciation of the little sisters and brothers, who of Julia made *Thule*. *Thule* suggested *ultima*; perhaps that was one reason why Paterfamilias liked it. There had always been a difficulty about the choice of names. If Mr. Arrowsmith had had to begin again, or if he could have known how many names would be wanted, he would have observed an alphabetical arrangement—Amanda, Belinda, Claudius, Dora, and so on, down to the eleventh, which might have been Katinka, or Kezia. Julia, however, with the *ultima* attached, was by far the best name to his mind, and he was quite satisfied with it and did not want to look beyond it. The ages of the children ranged from nineteen to three, hence when they stood up for inspection before going to church, being of very even growth, they rose in regular gradation, one above the other, like a flight of steps. The "parade in the passage" on Sunday mornings was a realistic copy of Cruikshank's amusing sketch, shoes of all sizes being arranged against the wall ready for use, from Julia's to papa's, increasing in length and size like the notes of a dulcimer or harmonicon. Poor John Henry Arrowsmith used to say mockingly, but not without a feeling of pride, that he walked in thirteen pairs of shoes every day, and wore thirteen hats and thirteen complete suits of clothes, of one kind or other. At all events he had to pay for them all, and very little to do it with.

As he walked home on that March afternoon with the east wind blowing in his teeth—south-east, to be more correct—with the dust in his eyes and care upon his brow, his mind was much exercised about a proposition which his wife had

made to him in the morning. John, their eldest son, ought now to be doing something, she had said: he was nearly eighteen years of age, active and intelligent, and it was time that he began to earn his own living. John, for his part, was willing. John was open to anything that might offer; open, not as some men are, who open their mouths and wait for good things to drop into them, but ready to bestir himself and to do anything in his power to help himself and his parents. John was not particular; he had no foolish pride; "anything," he used to say, he did not care what it was. "Anything" hitherto had proved to be almost nothing. John had held two or three temporary engagements, supplying him for the time with bread and cheese, but not of a kind to enable him sensibly to relieve the family exchequer.

"He is a steady youth," Mrs. Arrowsmith had said; "well educated, and fit for any position; good-looking, too."

John was very like what his father had been at about the same age, but Mrs. Arrowsmith did not give expression to that opinion just then. She looked at her husband, however, contemplatively, and repeated,

"Yes, nice-looking John is; anybody would take to him at first sight; but there seems to be no opening for him here. If he were to go to Liverpool, my uncle Walrus, who has only one son and one daughter, would, I have no doubt, find a place for him in his counting-house, and be very glad to have him."

Mr. Walrus was a ship-owner and oil merchant at the great seaport. Mrs. Arrowsmith had not seen or heard much of him for many years, but she and all her children had great faith in the strength and influence of family ties. "Blood is thicker than water," she used to say. Members of the same family, however distant the relationship, must naturally feel an interest, not to say affection, for each other. Time and space might separate them, but the bond of consanguinity would always more or less assert itself. Her own children were devoted to each other, a very united family, and she did not doubt that they would continue to be so—brothers and sisters all their lives through, whatever other ties they might contract. Mr. Walrus was her own uncle, and therefore great-uncle to her children, and Tom and Emily Walrus were cousins—second cousins, or cousins "removed," but cousins for all that—and they would be cousinly, no doubt.

"I have always said," Mrs. Arrowsmith remarked, as if that were a conclusive argument—"I have always said that Mr. Walrus, being my uncle, would be glad to do anything in his power for any of our children. He has a large staff of clerks and people in his business. I have always thought that the time would come when he would rejoice to be of service to us. Let John go down and see him."

"It would be better to write first," Mr. Arrowsmith had answered.

"No," she replied. "Let John go and show himself."

"It would be an expensive journey, and might lead to nothing."

"No, John Henry; Mr. Walrus is my uncle. Let John go and show himself. He will not be sent back, you may depend upon it. Writing is all very well, but whatever you might say about him it would not be like showing himself. Uncle Walrus might say in a letter that he had no opening, but if he were to see John he would probably make one. Let John go down and show himself."

Those had been Mrs. Arrowsmith's last words to her husband when he left home on that March morning for business. John Henry had been thinking about them all day, and was still pondering them in his mind as he returned at even. There was truth in her remark, no doubt; there was wisdom in her proposal. But that showing himself involved additions to his wardrobe, as well as many other expenses, and it was necessary to be careful. Therefore Mr. Arrowsmith, although he had agreed with his wife in the main, had promised to think it over, and had kept his promise faithfully and fully.

CHAPTER II.—AN EXPERIMENT.

MR. ARROWSMITH opened the door of his small house at Peckham with a latch-key: it saved trouble; though, to be sure, there was always some one about who could have opened the door without calling up Sophia, their one servant, from the kitchen. Time had been when Mrs. Arrowsmith herself, watching from the window for her husband's return, had never failed to open the door for him or ever his hand could reach the knocker; but Mrs. Arrowsmith had something else to do now, and had no time to spare for windows. Time had been also, a few years later, when little feet would run to meet him in the passage, and little arms would be outstretched to be lifted up in father's strong embrace and fondly kissed. But such greetings would have been inconvenient now; there was no room for them. Ten or eleven children running to meet their father in that narrow passage would have been nothing less than a block—"Too many by half," Mr. Arrowsmith had sometimes remarked. Ten or eleven kisses to be received and returned would have taken up a great deal of time, and would have been altogether *de trop*. Not that kisses had lost their virtue in that large little family; but, as the father once remarked, with a slight emphasis upon the last words of the quotation, "*Est modus in re buss*"—there is moderation even in the matter of kisses. Kisses, if we may venture upon a commonplace similitude, had come to be like the pickles and preserves upon the shelves in Messrs. Grindall's warehouse. They were the same genuine articles as always, but they would keep. They had derived character and strength from the adversities and pleasures (the vinegars and spices) with which they had been treated. Pickles and preserves are very good, but one does not require them as frequently, or in the same quantities, as fresh ripe fruits.

So Mr. Arrowsmith opened the door for himself with his own latch-key, and went, without, as it

happened, meeting any one on the way, to the little back parlour which, by a family fiction, he was allowed to call his own.

The first thing he saw lying on the table was a printed paper, of foolscap size, with an official endorsement, "Income tax return." Mr. Arrow-smith had his own opinion about the income tax: it was a burning question with him, and the sight of this obtrusive circular never failed to stir up his wrath and indignation. "Income, indeed!" he would say to himself, "*income!* That is the only thing they think of; they never consider the outgoings. What can be more unfair, more monstrous, than to tax a man with thirteen in family at the same rate as a young, harum-scarum bachelor who has nobody but himself to keep? A paternal Government, as ours is supposed to be, ought to add something to a man's income, under such conditions, instead of taking anything from it. Why, in Sparta, a man with a large family was looked upon as a benefactor to the State, and treated accordingly. The least they could do, in common fairness, would be to divide a man's income by the number to be maintained with it. Thirteen into two hundred and fifty—answer, nineteen pounds two and ninepence. That ought to be my return; and, of course, I should then be exempt: but they won't allow it. It is no use writing to the Chancellor of the Exchequer; he won't see it. No matter which party is in, they won't listen to me or take any notice of my application. They ought to allow so much a head for the family, and then tax the *surplus*. They should be quite welcome to tax my surplus at any rate they pleased. I should like very much to see them do it."

Mrs. Arrowsmith entered the room while her husband was thus expressing himself. He held up the paper, and she knew at once what was rankling in his mind. She had heard the same arguments year after year; they seemed to be very good in themselves, but they led to nothing. So, without waiting for him to speak, she said,

"What have you decided about John?"

Mr. Arrowsmith was tired; his eyes were smarting with the dust; and the income tax paper had exasperated him; so he answered, rather shortly,

"I don't know."

It is very trying when one has a grievance not to be allowed to air it.

"I don't know," he repeated; "here's this."

"Yes; that comes every year."

"That makes no better of it."

"But, about John?"

"When are we to have tea?"

"Directly, I hope."

Mrs. Arrowsmith took the hint and retired. After tea would be a more favourable moment for urging her proposals: it had been a mistake on her part to begin about them while her husband was so tired and so "put out." When tea was over and the children dispersed, she waited till Mr. Arrowsmith returned to the subject of his own accord.

"It would be a speculation, my dear," he said, "and it would cost money."

"It would be well worth it," she replied; "let John go, and show himself. He won't come back. Uncle Walrus—"

"I was going to say," he interrupted, "that I have thought it well over, and—yes—John shall go. Where is John?"

"Upstairs, mending his boots. I'll call him."

It was characteristic of John Arrowsmith that he was generally employed in mending something or other. If a saucepan or a kettle "ran," John was the person to stop it; if a pane of glass was broken, he replaced it; if in the kitchen a jug "fell off its handle," or a chair broke its leg, Sophia appealed furtively to John, and by his help they were made whole again before anything could be said about them. The children, when they had accidents, repaired to John, and John repaired all damages. Boots caused him more trouble than anything else, but to a certain extent he was successful even with boots, and many a sixpence was saved by the heel-piece or the stitch-in-time which he supplied. John had a natural aptitude for mending things and keeping things in order, and was not above turning things to account generally in any way that offered. He whitewashed the kitchens, and would have swept the chimneys also without feeling in the least humiliated, if he had thought that there would have been true economy in doing so. As his mother said, John was open to anything; he would be a treasure to any one; and as for his personal appearance, nature had been bountiful to him, having endowed him with good looks and made a gentleman of him. Let him go to Liverpool and show himself.

CHAPTER III.—COMPANY IN THE TRAIN.

NOT more than a week elapsed before John Arrowsmith, responding eagerly to the proposals of his father and mother, had completed his preparations for going to Liverpool. He took an affectionate farewell of his brothers and sisters, who fell upon his neck or clung about his knees, according to their age and stature, grieving to part with him, and wondering what they should do without him. The younger children hoped he would come back soon; the elders trusted that it would be a long time before they should see his face again. John tore himself away, and went off at last, leaving both parents and children sorrowful and sad at his departure. Two of the boys accompanied him as far as the corner where the omnibus passed, carrying his portmanteau, and would have gone with him to the terminus at Euston but for reasons of finance. It would have done no good. Seeing people off is a melancholy business, and not to be recommended where it can be dispensed with. Meeting them on their arrival is much more sensible and pleasant.

Arrived at the terminus, John took his place in a third-class carriage, having a letter to "Uncle Walrus" in his breast pocket, and full of confidence in the result of his mother's recommendation to one so nearly related to them both. Family ties, he felt sure, would be duly recognised. What

could be more pleasant than to hold out the hand of friendship to a son of a daughter of a brother, absence from whom had doubtless "made the heart grow fonder"? An opening of some kind would, he felt sure, be found for him in the counting-house of Messrs. Walrus, Dugong, and Co., or in some other office through their interest and introduction. All John wanted was an opening. Let him once get his foot in, and he would take good care to keep it in; it would be the first step on the road to fortune, or at least to bread and cheese. He expected the former, but would be satisfied for the present with the latter. All that he wanted was to get his foot in.

He was meditating thus, being alone in the compartment, when the door was opened.

"Plenty of room here," said a porter; and a woman with a troop of children scrambled in, filling the nets with baskets and bundles, and making a great to do with other children and friends who had come to see them off. The kissing and leave-taking went on till something was dropped under the train. "One of the babies!" some one said, which caused great terror and commotion, though it turned out providentially to be only an umbrella. They had scarcely recovered from this shock when the train began to move, and handkerchiefs were waved and kisses thrown across John's face in great profusion.

"Off at last," said John to himself.

At the same instant a young man dashed at the carriage door, opened it, sprang in, gave the porter who followed him with his portmanteau a shilling (the first coin that came to hand), and sat down panting opposite to John.

"Touch and go," he said. "Children! what a nuisance! Don't belong to you, do they? Beg pardon if they do."

John shook his head, and the other laughed, expecting that he would sympathise with him in his objection to a family party.

"Always my fate," he said; "just in time to get a bad place and bad company. Beg pardon again; didn't mean you, of course; don't want to hurt anybody's feelings."

He was speaking in an undertone, so that only John could hear him.

"Always have to hurry," he went on; "and somehow or other always late, in spite of it."

"I generally manage to be too early," John replied, seeing that he was expected to say something.

"But you don't call that being punctual, do you?"

"It is the next thing to it."

"So is being late."

"That's true; but there's a difference."

"I suppose there is—practically. I can't help it, though: I always was late, I suppose I always shall be; it's not my fault, it's constitutional."

One of the children here began to cry, and the mother took out some buns and oranges, and distributed them.

"There you are again," said John's *vis-à-vis*. "That's one of the things I hate—eating in a railway carriage; the peculiar smell of sticky buns, too, and of orange peel; the window up,

and the ventilator closed, of course. I always did hate sticky buns; I can't help it, it's constitutional. Hulloo, young man!"

These last words were addressed to one of the children. The family window being closed, the orange peel had to be thrown out of the window which was open, and some of it had fallen upon the stranger's lap.

"Beg your pardon, sir," Mrs. Manifold said: that was the mother's name.

"Granted," said Ferdinand Skerry: that was his name. "Are those all your children?"

"All, sir? Oh dear no; I have three more at home, and three out at service."

"You don't seem to care for children," John said, observing the comical look with which Mr. Skerry turned away from the last speaker.

"No, I don't; I am an only child myself. It is curious how some men have more brothers and sisters than they want, and others haven't any. I believe it is a consequence of statistics. A man I know has seven sons and no daughters; of course, somebody else is obliged to have seven daughters and no sons, to make things even; if he didn't it would upset statistics. Look at me again—I am an only son. The average strength of families in England is, let us say, six. My father had but one child; somebody else, as a consequence, has eleven. What are you laughing at?"

"We are eleven," John said.

"There then, I told you so; it's obliged to be so, else what would become of statistics? Well, I am satisfied if you are, though it does seem hardly fair. I don't care for children myself, never did; can't help it, constitutional."

Here one of the little ones began again to cry.

"Oh, I say!" Mr. Skerry exclaimed; "I can't stand this. Must have a smoke. You don't mind, do you?"

"I don't," John answered, "but this is not a smoking carriage."

"Never mind; lady won't object, I dare say;" and he lighted his pipe, offering John at the same time a cigar, which the latter declined with thanks.

"Going to Liverpool?" Mr. Skerry asked, presently.

"Yes."

"Any farther?"

"No."

"I am; across the pond—if I am in time, that is. Ought to have gone by an earlier train, but missed it; couldn't help it. All my luggage gone on, thirteen boxes of one sort or other; or else twenty-three, not sure which."

"Are you going to America?" John asked.

"Yes; and—right away—to the West, to the West, to the land of the free."

"Are you going to settle in America?"

"Settle? No!" he laughed out loud. "Beg pardon," he said; "what a question! I shall never settle anywhere. Never can, never could: it isn't in me: always on the move: can't help it; constitutional. All a chance now whether I catch the steamer or not; unfortunate missing the early train. Do you ever miss a train?"

"No."

"I wish I were like you; you are not constituted as I am. I am always late; it's a disease, like gout or grumbling."

"Did you ever have any advice for it?" John asked, slyly.

"Advice? yes; heaps, oceans: everybody down upon me of course."

"Medical advice I meant," said John.

"Oh, medical? no; don't believe in doctors: made appointment with a physician once, and he did not keep it. Of course I was a little late, but I could not help that; he did not wait, but went and kept somebody else's appointment instead of mine. It would be the same again; besides, it would be such a queer thing to consult a doctor about. Fancy sending in your card—'the late Mr. Ferdinand Skerry,' that's what they call me. 'After death the doctor,' says the proverb. To consult a doctor after one has taken the work out of his hands and died a natural death without his help would be rather insulting. I doubt whether he would wish to see anybody under such circumstances."

Thus Mr. Skerry rattled on, treating all his own faults or follies as if they had been misfortunes deserving rather of pity than censure, till the train stopped at one of the principal stations. There he changed to a smoking carriage, inviting John to follow him, which he declined. John did not object to children, especially when the buns and oranges were disposed of. The smell of the latter was even preferable to the tobacco smoke, with which John's clothes were already impregnated. The late Mr. Skerry having departed as suddenly and swiftly as he had appeared, John Arrowsmith amused himself with the children and talked to their mother, and before they reached their journey's end he knew all their family history, which was sufficiently like his own to engage his warmest sympathy.

At Liverpool, almost before the train had stopped, Mr. Skerry appeared at the door of the carriage, followed by a porter.

"Portmanteau," he exclaimed. "Nearly forgot it. Do forget things sometimes. Can't help it."

"Constitutional?" John asked.

"Yes. Good-bye. Ta-ta, young ones;" and snatching a portmanteau from under the seat, he ran off to a hansom cab, and drove rapidly away.

John had enough to do in looking after the mother and her family, collecting their numerous umbrellas, parcels, and baskets. The porters were not so attentive to her as they had been to Mr. Skerry, and John had to engage a cab, and to see her and hers safely disposed in it before he could find time to think about himself. A box with a large bundle tied on the top of it like a wen had gone astray somewhere, and had to be hunted up. The wen had come off, and Mrs. Manifold failed in consequence to recognise her own; but box and bundle were found at last, and the good woman departed, overwhelming him with thanks, and hoping she should see him again, as well she might, when next she had occasion to travel. John Arrowsmith's one small portmanteau was by this

time in the hands of a porter, who walked off with it, at the owner's request, to the cloak-room. It would not do, John thought, to drive up to Mr. Walrus's house in a cab, bringing his luggage with him. It was yet early in the day, and he resolved to call first at the counting-house of Walrus, Dugong, and Co., and to fetch his portmanteau afterwards if his reception there should be as favourable as he confidently hoped it would be.

CHAPTER IV.—MRS. WALRUS'S VILLA RESIDENCE.

THE counting-house of Messrs. Walrus, Dugong, and Co., was situated near the Docks. John Arrowsmith had no difficulty in finding it; the warehouses, stored with oils and other products of the northern fisheries, being very extensive, he might almost have discovered them by following his nose, especially if the wind blew from that quarter. There were two or three young men in the outer office, stylishly dressed, standing before the fire, talking and laughing together in a manner that was not very business-like. John addressed himself to one of these, but was referred, by a wave of the hand and a monosyllable, to a clerk whose place, railed off in a kind of pen, showed that he was of a separate and distinct class, more useful, perhaps, if less ornamental, than the young masters who condescended to spend their time in facetious conversation upon the hearth, making fire-screens of themselves the while.

"Is Mr. Walrus within?" John asked.

"What name?"

"John Arrowsmith. Perhaps you had better give Mr. Walrus this letter."

The clerk went to Mr. Walrus's room, leaving John for a few moments in the outer office. John observed that one of the fire-screens looked at him, and winked at the others; and a dead silence then ensued till John was shown into Mr. Walrus's room.

The head of the firm looked up inquiringly as he entered. Nathaniel Walrus was, in fact, both head and foot, root and branch, in his own person. Dugong was dead, and there was no longer any "Co.," except upon the invoice heads and correspondence. Mr. Walrus was a short, stout man, with a large head and a broad receding forehead, round black eyes, and a widish mouth. His cheeks were large and smooth, and the general expression of his face heavy, but mild and gentle; he was slow in movement and speech, and had a soft, husky, hesitating voice. His eyes wandered from John's card—which he examined carefully on both sides, as if he could not quite make it out—to his face, at which he glanced timidly and shyly.

"How do you do?" he said, at length; "you are—John Arrowsmith, I presume? Really? A son of my old friend—of my *niece*, I may say. Well, I am a little taken by surprise, a little—taken by surprise, but glad to see you, of course."

And he offered him his hand, which John seized and shook, as if it had been a pump-handle, with the greatest earnestness.

Mr. Walrus recovered it as soon as he could, and then sat in silence before his desk, having apparently nothing more to say.

"You have read my mother's letter—unc—sir?" John said.

"Yes—yes: but—but I must speak to Mrs. Walrus. I think, however, you might come—and—dine with us this evening, at our villa residence, Prospect Villa, and—and—let me see; I'll introduce you to my son Tom; he can show you the way."

Mr. Walrus rose slowly and went to the door; but as soon as he opened it there was a sound of footsteps in hasty retreat, with whispering and laughing; and by the time Mr. Walrus entered the room the fire-screens had disappeared.

"Well," he said, "I am busy now, but you can find your way to Prospect Villa. We dine at half-past seven. I do not know what to say about this here—this letter, I am sure. I do not know whether we can make an opening for you. I must talk to Mrs. Walrus about it. I dare say we can give you a bed to-night, at all events; I have no doubt we can; but I'll just mention it to Mrs. Walrus. Have you any luggage?"

John pleaded guilty to a portmanteau, and asked whether he should take it with him to the villa.

"Yes," said Mr. Walrus; "or rather, no. I'll see about it; I'll send for it. My man will be here by-and-by with the *broom* to drive me out. He can fetch it, and I'll speak to Mrs. Walrus about it when I get home. You can find your way there; you can see Mrs. Walrus and tell her I am going to speak to her about it."

John thanked him and gave him the ticket from the cloak-room.

"I am sorry to trouble you," he said.

"No trouble. I suppose it is all right?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"Young men are so careless nowadays. My wife's nephew, who is in this house as—as—clerk and so on, left his portmanteau somewhere a few days ago, and has not recovered it yet; and he don't seem to care about it, neither. Carelessness is a great fault, especially in business. A man who can't take care of his own property is not fit to be entrusted with other people's. I hope you are very careful, Mr. Arrowsmith, and very particular, and punctual, and so on."

"Yes, I am," said John, "and mean to be."

"Your portmanteau has got your name on it, then, of course?"

"Oh yes, and fully directed."

"Good. Then I'll send for it."

Prospect Villa was a building of some pretension on the outskirts of the town, with a carriage drive and a spacious shrubbery and garden. The style of architecture might be called Contractors' Composite. It was light and summery, more so than the climate would have justified, if that had been considered or consulted. The windows were large, opening to the ground, bivalves of the French fashion. A large verandah protected the front of the house from scorching suns, or would have done so if the suns had ever come round that way, which they had not hitherto done, the aspect being north. But Mrs. Walrus had set her mind

upon a verandah, and there was nowhere else where it could be placed, unless, as Tom Walrus had suggested, they put it by itself near the carriage drive, "like a grand stand at the races." The upper part of the house was ornamented with heavy stone battlements, and there was a turret at one corner, loopholed and carrying a flagstaff. The house was large and pretentious—a "villa residence," as Mrs. Walrus called it, implying something better than a villa; and her husband, adopting her phraseology, as he usually did, as well as her ideas in general, spoke of it in the same terms.

"My great-uncle Walrus seems to be a wealthy man," said John Arrowsmith to himself, as he stood on the broad steps of the villa residence looking in at the hall, hung with pictures, with its handsome staircase richly carpeted, and with marble figures on each landing, waiting apparently to take your hat or to show you the way to the first floor. "The oil business must be a very good thing, and if I can only get my foot in—"

"Not at home," said a servant in livery.

"Mrs. Walrus?" John asked.

"Not at home."

"I'll wait," said John; and having explained that Mr. Walrus himself had sent him thither, and was going to bring his portmanteau, he was invited to enter the drawing-room, and wait there.

John looked about him, but, though tired with his walk, it was a long time before he could find courage to sit down. There were plenty of chairs, but they did not appear ever to have been used as chairs, and John was doubtful whether they would bear his weight. Some of them had satin seats with flowers painted on them—roses, not without thorns, and lilies of matchless purity, which he could not think of desecrating; others were of gilded cane, and of spider-like proportions. The easy-chairs and couches were already occupied by silken cushions, well shaken-up, which left no room for any one else to rest upon them. Even the footstools were too frail or too ornate for use. There was no place on which a man of real flesh and bone, clad in everyday garments of tweed, could venture to sit down, except perhaps the carpet, and though humility is a virtue much to be admired, yet to rise gracefully from so low a place in order to show himself on the abrupt entrance, perhaps of Mrs. Walrus, would have been impossible. So John Arrowsmith continued standing, and to relieve the irksomeness of his position walked about with careful, silent steps, examining the contents of the apartment.

There was plenty to occupy him, for the drawing-room resembled a bazaar. Every table was covered with ornaments. Old china, photographs, books in gorgeous bindings, little dogs, little men and women, little Swiss cottages, little cups and saucers, little articles of every kind that could be conceived or fashioned to catch the fancy of those who had money to spend and were anxious to spend it, were spread about in careful profusion. It was difficult to pick one's way between the fancy tables and whatnots, all loaded with costly bric-à-brac and trifles, with which the room was thronged

And yet the most conspicuous object as John

Arrowsmith looked about him in this wilderness of *virtu* was himself. From the panels of the doors and window-shutters, from the walls and recesses on every side, and, above all, from the lofty pier-glass over the chimney-piece, his own figure, in its plain grey mixture, with his head of crisp brown hair—very untidy, as it seemed to him—and his round features, very red and uncouth, were reflected back upon him. From more than one point of view he could see all round himself at once. If he advanced, three or four other John Arrowsmiths advanced simultaneously to meet him; if he retired, three or four others retired at the same moment and kicked over three or four chairs, which, but for the softness of the three or four carpets, must have fallen into multiplied fragments with the shock.

"I wish I were out of this," John said to himself. "It is dangerous even to stand still in this room. I can scarcely stoop to pick up one chair without knocking over another. I think I will go into the garden."

The garden was as trim as the drawing-room, only in a different style—a drawing-room of Flora. In it everything that it was possible for a garden to contain at that time of the year was profusely displayed. The afternoon was warm—one of the first mild days of the season—and already the garden seats were put out, with striped red-and-white awnings, ready to be unfurled if the rays of the April sun should be too overpowering. Urns, vases, and statues abounded, as if put out for sale. There was a gilded dove-cot in one corner, and a picturesque bee-house in another. The bees, deceived into the belief that summer was come, were stirring about at the entrance of their hives, which were all of the newest fashion, with frames for them to work in, windows for their owners to peep through and watch their labour, and little thermometers to show the temperature of their workshops. Some day perhaps, John thought, they would have little barometers also to tell them what weather to expect, that they might regulate their flight accordingly. Of course, there were lawn-tennis courts both for winter and summer use, and the lawns were, as Mrs. Walrus used to say, like carpets. The beds were gay with spring flowers, all of the newest and rarest strains, and these, being tastefully arranged, presented a much more agreeable harmony of colours than the drawing-room indoors.

Again John said to himself that oil must be a very good business, and if he could only get his foot into the counting-house he would take good care to keep it there.

Following a narrow path, John discovered at the farther end of the garden a wild-looking piece of rockwork, in which was a basin of water and a miniature waterfall, which, in the heat of summer, would doubtless be very pleasant to look upon and refreshing to the plants with which the rough-stones were clothed. Here a lady, with a linen bonnet upon her head, an apron almost surrounding her, and a pair of old gloves upon her hands, was busily at work. She was too intent upon her gardening to notice John's approach, and he was standing still, speculating who and

what she might be—whether young or old, mistress or servant—when she turned and displayed a plump, round face, red with the glow of health, a pair of large dark eyes, and a double row of white and regular teeth between her well-shaped lips, as she looked at him inquiringly and with surprise.

"I beg your pardon," John said, "I hope I am not intruding."

Miss Emily Walrus, sole daughter of the house, looked as if she rather thought he was.

"Are you looking for any one?" she asked. "Do you want Freckles?"

John did not want freckles, he had plenty of them upon his honest face already; neither did he want the gardener who was called by that name. He guessed that the young lady before him was his cousin, and rejoiced to have met with her alone in the garden, or anywhere else except in the drawing-room.

"I have been at the warehouse," he said, "and have seen Mr. Walrus there; he told me to come here and wait his return. I am John Arrowsmith."

"Arrowsmith?"

"Yes; my mother is Mr. Walrus's niece."

"Oh, yes; I have heard the name, I think."

It was sufficiently evident, or might have been so to any one less simple-minded and impulsive than our friend John, that the Arrowsmith branch of the family had not been much thought of, or, at any rate, not much spoken of, among the Walruses; but John did not stop to reason on that question. He had a great idea, as we have already said, of the validity of family ties. All his brothers and sisters were exceedingly fond of each other; and it was only the natural thing, according to his notion, that relatives everywhere should be bound to each other by feelings of natural affection, which only needed opportunity to develop and display themselves.

"Are you Miss Walrus? Are you Emily?" John asked, with *empressment*.

"Yes," she replied.

"And I am John," he answered.

She held out her hand to him, and he pressed it warmly.

"We are cousins," he said; and then drawing her towards him gave her a hearty kiss upon her ruby lips.

She drew away from him at first, as if offended, but the next moment broke into a laugh.

"I am so glad to see you," John said. "I never saw you before in my life. How strange that seems, does it not?"

They sat down upon one of the garden seats and talked together freely and pleasantly, he calling her by her Christian name every time he spoke. She quietly divested herself of her old gloves and the capacious apron, and then walked about the garden with him, displaying a pretty graceful figure, which attracted him even more than the flowers, and pointing out her favourite plants, which happened to be his favourites also. It was very pleasant. Emily asked him many questions about his family, and gave him, unasked, some information about her own. John told her the names and ages of all his brothers and sisters—he

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had their photographs in his portmanteau, and promised to show her them as soon as it arrived. Emily told him about her brother Tom and cousin Gus, who were both in her father's counting-house; and John did not doubt that he had seen them there standing before the fire.

After about half an hour thus employed John Arrowsmith and his cousin Emily had become as intimate and cousinly as if they had known each other from their birth. They were standing together side by side, looking at some hyacinths, when a harsh voice calling from one of the windows disturbed them.

"Emily, Emily! come here directly!"

"It is my mother," Emily said, *sotto voce*.

"Oh, my aunt then, or great-aunt?"

"Yes; but—"

"Emily, Emily! come here this moment!" was repeated, in more urgent tones than before.

"But what?" John asked, following her as she turned away from him.

"Don't be too affectionate with your aunt just at first," Emily replied, without looking at him; "and don't—don't kiss her."

The hint was too plain to be mistaken, and John Arrowsmith resolved to suppress his feelings in the presence of his Great-aunt Walrus.

CHAPTER V.—JOHN ARROWSMITH DRESSES FOR DINNER.

EMILY hastened into the house in obedience to her mother's urgent call, and John followed more slowly. Mrs. Walrus came to him in the hall after some delay. An explanation had, in the meantime, taken place with Emily, but the elder lady did not seem very well satisfied. She questioned John as if she thought he might be an impostor. It was very strange, she said, that Mr. Walrus had not spoken to her before sending any one to the villa. Mr. Walrus would be home presently, and then she should see. Mr. Walrus ought to have mentioned it.

John explained that his arrival in Liverpool had been unexpected; it had not been announced.

That was unusual, Mrs. Walrus answered. When people came to visit other people, it was customary, in good "sussieety" to exchange notes and cards, and so on; but Mr. Walrus would be at home soon, and then she should hear his explanation.

This was rather a damper for John. He might not, perhaps, have thought of saluting Mrs. Walrus, even if Emily had not given him a caution; for she was of masculine form and stature, and severe in countenance; her manner was haughty, and her behaviour towards her husband's nephew frigid, not to say arctic, in its severity.

She left John standing in the hall, and he waited there alone till the sound of wheels attracted his attention. It was a great relief when he saw the broad, good-tempered face of Mr. Walrus, as he alighted from his "broom" and walked up the steps.

"You have found your way here then," Mr. Walrus said; then added in a lower tone, and with a nervous look around him, "Seen any one yet?"

Before John could reply Mrs. Walrus appeared at the drawing-room door.

"Walrus," she said, in a low, stern voice.

"Yes, my dear."

"What's that?" pointing to John's portmanteau.

Mr. Walrus told her.

"Let the 'broom' wait," she said. Then she withdrew, followed by her husband into the drawing-room.

"What could the brougham be wanted for?" John questioned with himself. Was Mrs. Walrus going out somewhere? He hoped so, but thought that a broomstick would be more appropriate for her use. Or could it be that she contemplated sending him away again, portmanteau and all?

Ten minutes—an anxious ten minutes—passed, and then Mr. Walrus came forth alone.

"It's all right," he said, though his manner towards John had lost something of its cordiality, or at least its cheerfulness. "It's all right. Mrs. Walrus is not very well to-day. She is rather an invalid. You will excuse her; but it's all right. Dinner at seven thirty. Matthew will show you your room—the swallow room, Mrs. Walrus says she supposes it must be. I have brought your portmanteau. By-the-bye, young man, there was no name or direction on it after all."

"Indeed," John answered, with surprise. "I tied one on before I left home. I wonder how it could have been torn off."

"Tie it tighter next time. It's a good thing you have not lost it. Young men ought to be careful. Mrs. Walrus's nephew—"

But he heard his wife's voice at that moment, and dropped the subject instantly.

"The dressing-bell will ring presently, and then Matthew will show you your room," he said.

John thanked him and strolled out upon the lawn again, where Emily did *not* rejoin him.

"The dressing-bell!" he said to himself. "I hope they don't dress much."

John Arrowsmith had no dress clothes, properly so called—no swallow-tail, no patent-leather boots; he had never dined out at any grand house like the "villa residence;" he hardly knew how he should get through the ceremony. He had a clean shirt, and a white tie, and a black morning coat in his portmanteau; if more than that was required he could not help it; but he was very much afraid of Mrs. Walrus, and very anxious not to do anything that might displease her.

He was surprised, when he went to his room, to find that his portmanteau had been emptied of its contents. He had locked it before leaving home, and had the key in his pocket; yet here were brushes, clothes, and everything else laid out ready for use. It was very attentive of the servant, but John would rather not have had the secrets of his scanty wardrobe thus exposed and ransacked by a stranger. Everything in this house was so luxurious and costly that he felt a little ashamed of his own humble belongings, and pictured to himself the "pampered menial" amusing himself with the comparative meanness of his paraphernalia as he turned the things over

and spread them out upon the dressing-table. John cast his eye over them shyly, as they lay there in the full light of two tall candles.

But what could this mean? A pair of ivory-backed brushes—scent bottles of cut glass, with silver mountings—ivory-handled razors? These things were none of his. He looked at the clothes. There were no white shirts, only a striped one rather bright in colour; there was no black coat, only a suit of mottled brown, loose in texture, with spots of fluffy white which looked as if they did not belong to the material and ought to have been brushed off. A second and more careful survey of the portmanteau satisfied him that it was not his own. He had been shown into the wrong room apparently. But the swallows on the paper which met his eye whichever way he turned seemed to contradict that theory. "The swallow room," Mr. Walrus had said, and this was the swallow room undoubtedly. He did not suppose there could be two rooms in the house which would answer to that description, unless the dining-room might be one of them. An idea struck him. There was a monogram on the back of the ivory brush; he seized it. "F. S."! "I thought so!" he exclaimed. "That wild fellow has taken my portmanteau and left me his. He said he was always making mistakes and could not help it. This is one of them, I suppose. Constitutional! What is to be done? By this time he is on the sea, crossing the pond, unless he missed the vessel. It is very annoying. I wish people would be more careful. My uncle, Mr. Walrus, will think it is all my fault, if he hears of it; and it is nearly dinner-time. I can't go down to dinner in my old travelling clothes covered with dust. I shall have to wear that other fellow's, and he will no doubt wear mine."

John Arrowsmith made haste to array himself. "How very annoying!" he exclaimed, as he put on the striped shirt with the striped turndown collar. "How very annoying!" he repeated, as he looked at himself in the light-brown morning suit with the white fluffy points or tufts. The clothes fitted him well enough, but were decidedly fast, or loud, even for morning wear, having been purchased with a view to the States, a "change" which Mr. Skerry meant to have carried with him on his travels, rendering him independent of his thirteen (or twenty-three) heavier packages.

More than once John paused, doubting whether to proceed with his dressing or to go down to dinner in his own old clothes. But he had not even a clothes-brush, and could not make himself presentable. Mr. Walrus expected him to "dress for dinner," and Mrs. Walrus would, of course, be much more exacting. They would be offended if he did not make some change in his apparel. Of course, he could explain and make apologies, but what would Mr. Walrus say to that? He felt that his position was already a critical one, and to acknowledge such a blunder might destroy his prospects at once and for ever. There is a tide in the affairs of man which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. John Arrowsmith, being of a sanguine temperament, had felt, after his first

interview with Mr. Walrus, that this tide was at the flood for him; he had not yet got his foot in at the office, but confidently expected to do so, and then—

But first he had to get his foot into Mr. Skerry's boot. The choice lay between a pair of lace-ups, with broad soles and clout-nails, and a pair of red-and-white cow-skin slippers. Mrs. Walrus, no doubt, would have preferred the cow-skins, having regard to her carpets, but these were too conspicuous to be thought of. John was still hesitating between his own mud-stained boots and Mr. Skerry's clean but clumsy ones, when the gong sounded for dinner.

Punctuality he knew was a great matter with Mr. Walrus, but it took him five minutes yet, with all his hurry, to complete his toilet; five dreadful minutes, which he felt sure would be registered against his character as a young man wanting employment. He hurried downstairs at last, shocked at the clattering of his iron heels and toes upon the encaustic tiles as he crossed the hall. He could not avoid noticing the look of surprise into which Matthew was betrayed, in spite of his good breeding, as he opened the drawing-room door for him. He felt that he was red up to the eyes, in a perfect fever of shame and confusion. At the last moment he almost resolved to plead indisposition and return to the swallow room upstairs, but before he could do so the door was thrown open to its full width, and he heard himself announced as—"Mr. 'Arry Smith."

There were some half-dozen people in the drawing-room, standing with their backs to the fire waiting for him, and the clock pointed to ten minutes past the half-hour. John saw his own figure reflected at full length in a huge glass which reached from the carpet to the ceiling, and stood still for a moment petrified at the hideousness of his own appearance. Then he advanced, stammering out some kind of apology for being late, amidst a general silence.

And thus it was that John Arrowsmith "showed himself."

Charity.

WOULD you know the rarest gem
In a monarch's diadem?
Look among the radiant cluster
Till you see the diamond's lustre.

Would you search in human breast
For the virtue first and best?
Love, a holy life instilling,
Is the law's complete fulfilling.

Blending with the diamond's light
Varied colours swift unite;
Love, more precious yet, embraces
In herself all Christian graces.

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PROFESSOR RICHARD OWEN, C.B., LL.D., F.R.S.



Sincerely yours,
Richd. Owen.

NO man of science is more widely known and honoured than Richard Owen. At a very early period of his remarkable career he made science generally interesting, long before it became a popular or fashionable pursuit. For upwards of half a century he has been actively engaged in a vast number and variety of researches, many of them directly bearing upon the welfare of humanity as well as the extension of that abstract knowledge with which his name is more usually associated; for his work has frequently been of a highly practical nature and of material public benefit. To this category belong his Reports as one of the Commissioners of the Health of Towns, and that on the meat supply of the metropolis, which resulted in the removal of the cattle market from Smithfield to Copenhagen Fields. He also served as one of the Commissioners for the Great Exhibition of 1851, and as Vice-President of the jury for food products in that of Paris four years later. But the most important outcome of his public labours is that which sprang from his continued representations

to the Treasury concerning the unsatisfactory accommodation provided for the national biological collections in the British Museum, which were undoubtedly instrumental in procuring the erection of the new natural history museum at South Kensington—at once of permanent advantage to his countrymen, the cause of biological science, and an enduring monument of his official influence and activity.

His public life falls naturally into two epochs, that of his connection with the Royal College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and his appointment a quarter of a century later to his present post of superintendent of the Natural History Department of the British Museum.

Richard Owen, the youngest son of Richard Owen, Esq., of Fulmer Place, Bucks, was born at Lancaster on July 20, 1804. In early youth he served as midshipman on H.M.S. Tribune, but all prospects of naval advancement were speedily clouded by the peace which ensued at the close of the American war of 1814. The youthful midshipman returned to school on shore, and subse-

quently studied medicine under Mr. Baxendale, a surgeon of his native town. In 1824 he matriculated at the University of Edinburgh, and two years later received the diploma of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, where, as a student at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, he acted as dissector under the famous Dr. Abernethy, who quickly recognised his remarkable talent. A visit to Paris was the next turning-point in his life. There he worked in the laboratory of his master and friend the great Cuvier, then at the zenith of his fame as a comparative anatomist. On returning to England Mr. Owen procured an appointment as assistant surgeon in the navy, but was induced to resign it through the energetic representations of his staunch old friend Dr. Abernethy, whose influence secured him a more congenial post as assistant to Mr. William Clift, F.R.S., then engaged in cataloguing and arranging the magnificent collections of John Hunter, purchased by Government, and transferred to the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, of which Mr. Clift was conservator.

For some time the young surgeon also practised in Serle Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and although his keen insight and great abilities would probably have ensured him wealth and distinction as a physician, he gradually abandoned the medical profession for a life's devotion to research, content with smaller emoluments and greater leisure to work hard for the advancement of science and the increase of knowledge. That his life has been one of unintermittent labour his published works fully testify, for he has toiled with almost superhuman energy and persistent regularity, investigating the structure of all classes of the animal kingdom. His contributions to literary and scientific periodicals alone number nearly four hundred. Many of these are important memoirs embodying new facts and valuable discoveries. They are to be found in the *Transactions and Proceedings of the Zoological and Linnæan Societies*, the *"Philosophical Transactions,"* the quarterly journals of the *Geological and Microscopical Societies*, the *"Annals and Magazine of Natural History,"* the reports of the *British Association*, the *"Geological Magazine,"* the volumes of the *Palæontographical Society*, the *"Encyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology,"* the *"Medical Gazette,"* the *"Encyclopædia Britannica,"* the *"Athenæum,"* the *"Fraser,"* etc., etc. To these must be added the many important technical works published by Longman, Black, Van Voorst, and others, to which we shall have occasion to refer in detail.

One of the most interesting and important of his earlier memoirs was that in which he made known the physiological structure of the pearly nautilus. This was published by the council of the Royal College of Surgeons when Mr. Owen was only twenty-seven years of age, and illustrated with his own drawings of the animal his fellow-student, Dr. George Bennett, of Sydney, was so fortunate as to procure during a voyage in the *Polynesian seas*. For this was the first specimen of the animal available for description since the days of the Dutch naturalist, Rumphius, in 1602,

whose imperfect account of its anatomy was preceded only by that of the great father of natural history, Aristotle, who was evidently acquainted with the living species of the Persian Gulf. Cuvier had always longed to know the structure of the animal inhabiting the nautilus shell, and it was with keen regret that his young English disciple learnt of his death a few days before the *"Memoir on the Pearly Nautilus"* was issued from the press in 1832.

During the next decade Mr. Owen gave considerable impetus to the development of the science records of the Zoological Society, to which he acted as unpaid prosector for many years; thus laying the basis of his intimate knowledge of the physiological anatomy of the many rare and bulky animals from all parts of the world that died in captivity in the society's gardens. He also contributed frequently on pathological subjects to the *Medical and Chirurgical Societies of London*.

In 1834 he gained his title of professor on his election to the first chair of Comparative Anatomy at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Two years later he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and was appointed to the Hunterian Professorship at the Royal College of Surgeons. His lectures in this capacity on the anatomy of the specimens in the Hunterian collections were the foundation of his published works on *"The Comparative Anatomy of the Invertebrate Animals,"* and *"The Anatomy of the Vertebrates,"* enlarged and profusely illustrated and published in three quarto volumes by Longman. Each succeeding year witnessed his deeper immersion in the study of comparative anatomy, and gave proof of the wide range of his genius and the fertility of his brain. His catalogue of the Hunterian collections, of itself a life-work for less energetic toilers, was published by the council of the college: the five quarto volumes of the physiological specimens from 1835-1840, the two volumes of osteological collections in 1853, and three on the fossil vertebrata and cephalopoda in 1855. The *Microscopical Society of London*, of which he was first president, owes its origin to his influence and ardent labours in the cause of microscopical research. His work on the microscopic structure of teeth (odontography) temporarily affected his eyesight, and he was compelled to desist a brief while from similar investigations. The remarkable memoir *"On the Archetype and Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton,"* in which he effected a much needed reform and unification in osteological nomenclature, appeared in 1849, and was followed by *"The Nature of Limbs,"* a popular exposition of the same subject, and the memoir on the curious phenomena of asexual generation, or *"Parthenogenesis."*

Professor Owen was one of the earliest contributors to the annual volumes of the *Palæontographical Society of Great Britain*, formed in 1847, to describe and illustrate the structure of the fossil animals that lived at various geological epochs within the area of the British Isles. In the course of the valuable series of monographs and supplements which he still continues to issue, he has restored the extinct flying reptiles of the

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air, the swimming lizards of the sea, the turtles and tortoises of the tertiary and middle geological ages, the early and imperfect-toothed mammals of the Stonesfield and Purbeck areas, and the bulky land reptiles, the iguanodon of the Sussex Wealden and his ancestors and allies. Later on came memoirs on the sea-serpents of the tertiary epoch of Bracklesham, with the gavia, the crocodile, and the alligator, that then disported themselves in our rivers, on the ostrich-like bird (*Dasornis Londinensis*) which haunted the thicket-covered shore of that ocean-floor now elevated into the Island of Sheppey, whence the serrated jaws of that other famous bird, the *Odontopteryx*, the subject of a later memoir, were derived. Some of the results of these researches on the ancient British faunas are epitomised in his "History of British Fossil Mammals and Birds," published in 1846, and the "History of British Fossil Reptiles."

While busied in illustrating life in the past epochs of our island home, Professor Owen was far from neglectful of the geological life records of the British colonies. His persuasive temperament enabled him to influence others and imbue them with some measure of his marvellous enthusiasm for science, and he impressed all colonial officials with the importance of seeking every opportunity of discovering the remains of the extinct animals of the regions they visited. Governors, chief-justices, bishops, missionaries, and medical men were alike pressed into the service of science—a Livingstone in Africa, Selwyn in New Zealand, and Vincent in the Mauritius. Men of all ranks responded to his urgent appeals, and owing largely to his importunity our national collections have been greatly enriched by many valuable colonial specimens. Miscellaneous fragments were packed off for his inspection from all parts of the world. Treasuring each part, and remembering every associated fact, waiting patiently, often for years, before the material evidence afforded demonstrative proof of conclusions he had, perhaps, long before arrived at by the inductive method of reasoning which often led him to the conception of creatures stranger and bulkier than zoologists had dreamed of, he has been enabled to recreate, as it were, many remarkable forms. From the New Zealand area he has fully described several species of a giant race of flat-breasted wingless birds ranging from ten to three feet in height.* An extinct coot of large size, and a goose, were added by him to the past fauna of that island whereon Dr. Von Haast has since proved the existence of an enormous bird of prey believed to have lived on the chickens of the Moas, and to have perished on their extinction by the Maories.

In the course of these and similar investigations Professor Owen left many a loose thread to be gathered up in after years and woven into the structure of the extinct animals he was patiently engaged in reconstructing. Of the absorbing delights of such an occupation he speaks vividly in the following characteristic passage from his

lecture on "The Extinct Animals of the British Colonies," delivered before the Royal Colonial Institute, May, 1879.* "No chase in the sporting world is so exciting, so replete with interest, so satisfactory when events prove one to have been on the right scent, as that of a huge beast which no eye will ever see alive, and which perhaps no mortal eye ever did behold. Such a chase is not ended in a day, in a week, nor in a season. One's interest is revived and roused year by year, as bit by bit of the petrified portions of the skeleton comes to hand. Thirty such years elapsed before I was able to outline a restoration of *Diprotodon Australis*."

This was the giant kangaroo, with a skull a yard long and elephantine limbs, described by him with many other kinds of marsupials from the tertiary formations of that island-continent, which, prior to the advent of man, was untrodden by animals of higher grades than those of the insectivorous and marsupial mammalia. As Professor Owen's memoirs on the physiological anatomy of the living representatives of the lower pouched mammalian animals were awarded the Copley Medal of the Royal Society in 1846, he was peculiarly qualified to work out the osteological details and general history of the many fossil varieties of the carnivorous, wolf-like, rat-toothed, as well as those of the herbivorous kangaroo type formerly abounding in that region. How some of the larger and unwieldy forms were the first to fall victims to man's pursuit, while the smaller swift-footed escaped longer, with many other interesting facts relating to the origin, structure, contemporary conditions of life, and the physical geography of the island-continent in the past, will be found detailed in his "Illustrated History of the Extinct Fossil Mammalia of Australia."

From the Cape colonies Professor Owen has made known a large number of labyrinth-toothed and theriodont, or "beast-toothed," reptiles. These latter, presenting a remarkable admixture of mammalian and reptilian characters, were discovered in constructing a military road in a Triassic or Permian matrix of a very intractable nature. The structure of this new order of reptiles is fully detailed in his quarto volumes, illustrated with seventy plates, "The Descriptive Catalogue of the Fossil Reptilia of South Africa," published by order of the trustees of the British Museum. He was also enabled to fully reconstruct the osteological framework of the long-sought dodo—the giant ground-dove destroyed by the early French colonists of the island of Mauritius in the seventeenth century—and to add to the knowledge of its ally, the solitaire, of the neighbouring island of Rodriguez.

The sheep-like musk ox (*Ovibos moschatus*), now found only in the Arctic regions, but living in Britain in the glacial epoch, has served him as a text for another osteological sermon. He has also described the cave mammalia of China ("Quarterly Journal, Geological Society," vol. xxvi.), fairly set the great American ground-sloth

* "The Wingless Birds of New Zealand." Illustrated. 2 vols., 4to. Van Voorst.

* Reported in full in the supplement to "The Colonies and India," May 10th, 1879.

(*Megatherium Americanum*) on its legs again, and restored the huge armour-plated armadillo (*Glyptodon*) of the same continent. From Central Europe he made known the structure of the first-known land-bird, the lizard-tailed *Archæopteryx macroura*, of Solenhofen, and proved Von Meyer's flat-toothed *Placodus* to be a reptile, and not a fish. But it is impossible to note here all his contributions to that history of extinct animals, of which he has given the best summary in the very interesting article entitled "Palæontology," and reprinted from the "Encyclopædia Britannica" in 1869—perhaps one of the best examples of his literary power in popular exposition of technical details. In the course of these long-continued and patient researches he has assembled a vast array of structural facts, throwing many side-lights on the physical geography of the past epochs and on the influences of the *environment*, or conditions of life, as modifying structure—material which has been very serviceable to those working out hypotheses of the distribution of animal life and the origin of species.

It must not be supposed that Professor Owen is the historian only of extinct organisms. Zoology owes almost as much to his labours, for he has investigated the structure of almost every group of living creatures, from man to the parasites infesting his frame.* The orang-utan was the subject of one of his earliest contributions to the Zoological Society, and the gorilla and the chimpanzee were subsequently treated of. He has described nautilus and spirula among molluscs, illustrated not merely the anatomy of the king-crabs among crustaceans, but traced back their genealogy also, and the very footprints of their remote ancestors in the Cambrian sea-floor ("On Protichnites," "Quarterly Journal, Geological Society," 1852).

The mud-fishes of Africa, the *Apteryx* of New Zealand, the great auk of Britain, with the cheetah, the rhinoceros, elephants and whales, and the duck-billed platypus of Australia (*Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*), have alike been laid bare by his scalpel or formed subjects for his pen.

The ant-eater and the little aye-aye (*Cheiromys*) of Madagascar supplied the most striking illustrations for his popular lecture delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association at Exeter Hall, Session 1862-3, entitled "Instances of the Power of God, as manifested in the Animal Creation," at once a powerful and lucid exposition of the great truths of nature, of the author's method of searching out truth, his unwavering preference for the stern logic of demonstrable facts to uncertain tradition, yet animated throughout with the reverent spirit of the religious philosopher, for Professor Owen, while plainly teaching that life came by Law, is no materialist, ever tracing back all natural laws to nature's Lawgiver. Leaning to the Lamarckian rather than the Darwinian phase of the evolutionary principle, he has throughout all his works strongly enforced the great evolutionary truth of structural modification

in adaptation to circumstances of life or the *environment*, but working in harmony with the will of the Creator. The belief in the "Divinity that shapes our ends" pervades all his writings, and is clearly expressed in this concluding paragraph of his work on the "Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton": "In every species ends are obtained, and the interests of the animal promoted in a way that indicates superior design, intelligence, and foresight, in which the judgment and reflection of the animal never were concerned, and which, therefore, we must ascribe to the Sovereign of the universe in whom we live and move and have our being."

The value of Professor Owen's services and investigations have not been unrecognised either at home or abroad. In 1856 he received the appointment of superintendent of the Natural History Department of the British Museum. Her Majesty the Queen assigned him one of the royal residences in Richmond Park, and in 1872 honoured him with further recognition by the bestowal of the Civil Companionship of the Order of the Bath. His scientific confrères quickly acknowledged his merits. He was appointed to the first chair of Comparative Anatomy at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and to the Hunterian professorship of the College of Surgeons. From the Royal Society he received the Royal and Copley medals, and the Council of the Geological Society granted him the Wollaston in 1839. He has been elected honorary fellow of most of the English and foreign learned societies, and is one of the eight foreign members of the Institute of France and of the Medical Academy of Paris; a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and honorary member of that of Ireland also. The Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh conferred on him their highest degrees. The Emperor of Germany gave him the Ordre pour le Mérite; the late Emperor of the French the Legion of Honour. From the King of Italy he has received the Order of St. Maurice and Lazare, and that of the Rose from the Emperor of Brazil, who takes a keen interest in scientific matters.

Professor Owen was lecturer on Palæontology at the Royal School of Mines from 1856-57, and Fulleren Lecturer on Physiology at the Royal Institution in 1858. He was President of the British Association in 1857, and at the bi-centennial meeting at York in 1881 presided over Section D (Zoology), selecting for his address on that occasion "The Genesis of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington," a subject which had engaged his serious attention for a quarter of a century with very beneficial results to the nation.

For many years prior to Professor Owen's appointment to the then newly-created post of superintendent of the Natural History Department of the British Museum, Dr. Gray, keeper of the Zoological Department, and the trustees had ineffectually made repeated and urgent applications to the Government for better accommodation for the national biological collections, the available space being totally insufficient for

* His memoir on the *Trichina spiralis* made known a frequent cause of disease, and led to many similar researches, in which Dr. Spencer Cobbold has taken a conspicuous part.

the safe storage, still less exhibition, of the valuable collections entrusted to their keeping, the very considerable annual additions thereto greatly increasing their perplexity. Professor Owen saw at once it was a case for no half-measures. He grappled boldly with the subject, and prepared an elaborate report and plans, in which he showed that a site of eight acres would be requisite for a national biological museum befitting the nation, one that would meet present needs and future contingencies. This, submitted to the trustees, was printed and laid before a select committee of the House of Commons, which reported against the removal of the natural history collections from the British Museum, recommending the extension of the old building, a costly and almost impracticable measure, and one that could afford only temporary relief. But one of the most influential of the elected trustees, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, came to the aid of the baffled and disappointed chief. He minutely inspected the Natural History Departments, saw the difficulties the staff had to contend with in overcrowded cellars and exhibition galleries, and, recognising the justice of the superintendent's demands, moved (May, 1862) as Chancellor of the Exchequer for leave to bring in a bill to authorise the removal of portions of the trustees' collections in the British Museum. The second reading was opposed by Mr. Disraeli on economical grounds, and, although the bill was defended by Lord Palmerston, it was thrown out by a majority of 92 members.

Disheartened, yet not despairing, Professor Owen continued to advocate the claims of the national collections in lectures, the columns of the press, and in the reports he annually submitted to the trustees. In an able pamphlet issued at this period, on "The Extent and Aims of a National Museum," he justified his views, unjustly criticised and even ridiculed by some members of the House of Commons, in the press, as well as by those of his scientific contemporaries inclined to the idea that a selection of animal types illustrating the different groups of the animal kingdom was all that was necessary for a national museum. He strongly combated these views, and showed it to be incumbent on the Government to provide fitting exhibition space for the collections bequeathed to the nation or purchased on its behalf out of national funds. He urged also that every biological branch should be represented, and that special efforts at least should be made to procure specimens of the many bulky species yearly becoming rarer through the onslaughts of man and the inroads of colonisation, all of which ought to be preserved, ere it became too late, in a national museum, which should further contain remains and representations of all the creatures that formerly lived on the earth.

In 1863 Mr. Gladstone brought in another bill, authorising the purchase of five acres at South Kensington, which after long debate was carried by a majority of 132 in a house of 267 members. It was again through Professor Owen's representations of the needs of posterity that eight acres were ultimately secured of the old Exhibition site

in Cromwell Road, South Kensington. Thus ended the first stage of a stern campaign, with the site for a new Natural History Museum as the first-fruits of victory.

This great step in advance was followed by Professor Owen's invitation to Hawarden, to discuss plans in detail for the projected edifice. His suggestions were placed by Mr. Gladstone in the hands of Sir Henry Hunt, of the office of Works, and formed the basis of those adopted for the present building ultimately erected after a very long interval. In 1867 Lord Elcho raised an unsuccessful debate on the subject, and it was not until 1871 that the first grant of £40,000 was voted for the erection of the building. In spite of occasional demurs on the part of the economic section of the House, the work proceeded slowly, with the result that a National Natural History Museum, covering four out of the eight acres of the secured site, and providing three times the accommodation of the old building, was, with the single exception of the lecture hall, erected in entire conformity with the views of the superintendent just twenty years after their first rejection as utterly utopian. Thus, thanks chiefly to Professor Owen's influence and unceasing efforts and foresight, our national biological museum may claim to rank, as it should do, as the first in the world, containing within itself the possibilities of attaining that high and exemplary standard of excellence, richness, and instruction which befits our position among civilised nations.

In 1853 Professor Owen married Miss Clift, the daughter of his predecessor in office as Conservator of the Museum of the College of Surgeons, by whom he had one son, who has not evinced any marked predilection for the natural sciences. A widower for some years, the veteran scientist has resided in the quaint and picturesque cottage in Richmond Park, granted him as a life residence by her majesty the Queen, to whose younger children he at one time gave instruction in natural history subjects. There, in the intervals of his scientific labours, Professor Owen cultivates roses and the acclimatisation of trees from higher altitudes. A brief sojourn in a warmer climate has been occasionally requisite. One winter he received a royal invitation to accompany the Prince and Princess of Wales on their Nile voyage. Royal personages, scientific, literary, and artistic celebrities of many nationalities, make the pilgrimage to the home of England's great comparative anatomist. Although close on eighty years of age, he is comparatively hale and vigorous, and working still. Among his latest publications are a description of a nine-horned land-lizard he has added to the known tertiary fauna of the Australian continent, and a Guide to the Bird Niche of the Index Museum at South Kensington, the only one of a series as yet completed, designed by him to illustrate the structure, affinities, and history of each group of the animal kingdom, and to serve as an epitome of the general collections, to the full comprehension of which they would afford the best introduction.

In the course of a long, laborious, and useful career, Professor Owen has necessarily been

brought in contact with many of the most remarkable men of all ranks of society. His manners are characterised by the genial warmth and courtliness of the old school. A *raconteur* by nature, no one knows better how to develop the point of the many good stories his life experiences furnish. His powers as a popular exponent of scientific detail will not readily be forgotten by those who have listened to his familiar addresses on Saturday afternoons to working men, or some favoured metropolitan association of scientific students in the old British Museum. We can see him, big bone in hand,

his tall frame and broad shoulders dominating the circle, and his kindly face beaming with intellect, as he sketched the structure and habits of the extinct creature of which it once formed part, picturing with vivid force its associates and surroundings, and carrying the eager circle of listeners with him as he demonstrated how the animal lived and died, leading them on to a comprehensive survey of the physical geography of the continents in long past epochs, to a right conception of which in their biological aspects he has so largely contributed by his life-long researches.

COURTS OF JUSTICE IN BRITISH INDIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY BOYHOOD IN THE EAST."

II.—LAWS OF EVIDENCE.

MANY of the most vivid of my recollections of my boyhood relate to the trials of prisoners.

I have already stated that it was my father's practice to be present when the assizes opened, and that I was usually with him to hear the charge to the grand jury. Nothing more deeply interested me than the proceedings which followed. The court-house was close to the "free-school" in which I was a scholar, having as companions and competitors boys belonging to almost every race and religion in the East. A proud day it was when the then Governor-General of India visited the school, and gave me and others our prizes. I could fill pages with descriptions of criminals and crimes, and I am sorry to add that more than once I managed, without the knowledge of the home authorities, to be present at awful scenes of public execution. I remember being astonished by the strict observance of the very technicalities of the laws of evidence. The entire crew of a boat had been seized and committed to prison for trial as pirates. They belonged to a district notorious for piracy; in the boat and upon their persons were found the arms used by pirates; everybody knew them to be such; and yet because no one could swear to any act of piracy, and they told a good story in explanation of the circumstances in which they were discovered, they were set free! I have never forgotten the lesson thus taught me honestly and impartially to deal with every question to be considered, whatever the results might be.

I remember I used to watch with rapt interest the administering of oaths. Some of the methods were very remarkable, and I was always eager to see the various witnesses sworn. The Christian, whether Protestant, Roman Catholic, or Arminian, would of course kiss the Testament. But there was the Mohammedan, sworn by the usual invo-

cation of Bismillah, er Rahmán, er Rahméen ("In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful!"), with the sacred Kurán, wrapped in cloth, placed by the attending moollah (mosque official) in his extended palms; the Hindu, by fixing his eyes on some water in a small brass vessel placed in like manner by his guru (family priest), containing water which did duty as Ganga-pani (water of the Ganges), inasmuch as some muntras (prayers) had been pronounced over it by a Brahmin; and the Chinaman, who was sworn by burning at a taper a narrow strip of paper on which were written "characters" containing, as I understood, an appeal to his deceased ancestors. I have the impression that the Parsee when dealing with Parsees, also swears by fire; but in a British Court he is put upon his oath by kissing the Zend-Avésta, his sacred book.

I am not sure, but I believe I am right in saying that I also occasionally saw a man put on his oath, as is done among the hill tribes of India, by crushing in his hand a leaf from a tree sacred as the dwelling-place, among its branches, of sylvan deities, who are thus invited to crush him and those belonging to him should he speak anything but the truth.

These reminiscences belong to the Straits of Malacca, but there is now throughout India proper one established form of legal oath. This arrangement is based on the assumed fact that in all its religions there is recognition of a supreme deity. With the more intelligent Hindus it is well known that the multitudinous divinities acknowledged are really but various forms of the one and only God—Isvara or Deva. The oath differs however, in the form of its commencing attestation. All persons professing Christianity, whether natives or foreigners, "swear," while others "solemnly affirm." The following is the oath: "I

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swear [solemnly affirm], in the presence of Almighty God, that the evidence I shall give in this case shall be true, that I will conceal nothing, and that no part of my evidence shall be false." This is regarded as more explicit and complete than the ordinary form in our English Courts, and as specially meeting the particular directions in which Eastern witnesses escape from the obligations to be truthful; but I believe the general impression among English officials is that the oath as such has only in the case of a small minority any power in ensuring true evidence.

A great deal is said about the commonness of perjury in India. Hence the jocose story which passes as current coin that a judge in India used to say, "I know that in civil cases at least all the witnesses are telling lies, and therefore I believe nothing; but, counting the flies on the ceiling over my head, if I find the number even I give judgment for the plaintiff, and if odd I give it for the defendant." No doubt there are hangers-on of police-courts in India ready to swear to anything on receipt of money; so that "getting up a case" is generally understood as meaning purchasing the evidence of a certain number of witnesses.* This is bad enough, but can we of England boast of the credibility of our witnesses? What said the judge as to the credibility of the witnesses in the recent case of *Belt v. Lawes*? And what of the disclosures before our election committees? Is not what is called hard swearing common on both sides of a contention? Is it not a fact that everywhere men who habitually lie, will lie, notwithstanding the solemn obligations belonging to an oath? Does not the chief value of an oath lie in giving distinct speciality to the assertions of the witness, and in supplying reasons for severe punishment for demonstrated falsehood, uttered in circumstances in which the truth is demanded by the law in all its solemn majesty? The candid testimony of the late Lord Lawrence is important—"People are fond of remarking that the natives are great rogues, and no doubt many are, but who makes them so in great measure? Who places such temptations in their way that they must be more than men if they resist? I really believe that the majority of Europeans under similar temptations, would not be a whit more honest."†

* The perjury is often caused by the habit of exaggeration so characteristic of the East, and hence parties to a suit are made to declare just what their pleaders choose to put into their affidavits, and charged to stick to every item as for life itself. The following is an amusing instance given in Taylor's "Thirty-eight Years in India":—"A man had prosecuted another for assault, and the petition which he presented had entered into all the hyperbolical details I have described. Among other horrors was introduced the statement (never omitted in such documents) that the defendant had 'seized him by the hair of his head' before proceeding to other acts of violence. As he was giving his depositions on oath in confirmation of this piteous narrative, I observed that he was on oath in confirmation of this piteous narrative, I observed that he was entirely bald, without a scrap of hair in any corner of his cranium. I therefore put to him the question in a serious voice, 'Are all the statements in your petition true?' On his answering confidently in the affirmative I then said, 'Are you sure that the defendant did seize the hair of your head?' The fellow said, 'Yes, my lord,' without hesitation. 'Do you say that on your oath?' There was something in my tone, or in the looks of some of those standing near him, which suddenly attracted his attention, for, just as he opened his mouth to answer, he stopped, raised his hand, and passed it slowly over his head with an air of bewilderment, which was not diminished when he perceived a broad grin on all the faces around him. I told him to walk down, with difficulty restraining my laughter, adding, that as he had told and caused to be written a deliberate lie, I dismissed his case, and recommended him to let his hair grow before he presented another petition of personal grievance."

† Life by Bosworth Smith, vol. i, p. 179. See also article by Prof. F. Max Müller, in "Contemporary Review," November, 1882, on

It is certainly in India a question whether the form of oath now universally enforced is regarded by the people as of equal obligation with the special oaths of former times. Hence it is that the Legislature allows of witnesses being put on their oath in association with forms more likely to elicit the truth, provided there is no flagrant impropriety in them. In the case of a Chinaman being sworn, the form in force is usually the breaking of a saucer, so that the first question put to a Chinese witness when he appears in the witness-box—not in a Chinese Court, for oaths are not allowed in Chinese Courts, the substitute being torture!—is, "Have you brought your saucer?" The idea with him seems to be that perjury will be visited with punishment in the other world as dire as is represented by the destruction of the saucer. Again, no people on the earth, notwithstanding their familiarity with hideous forms of violence and cruelty in the images and histories of their gods, and the prevalence in some districts of female infanticide, are more remarkably affectionate towards their adolescent offspring than are Hindu fathers and mothers. Hence undoubtedly a Hindu mother is most effectually sworn by being required to speak with her hand on the head of one of her children, the act symbolising the inevitable transfer to the child of all the penalties due to the mother for giving false evidence. In like manner a Hindu father may be fully relied upon when giving evidence with his hand on the head of an only son. The life of the son, it is believed, would be imperilled by the father's perjury, and the father thus would incur the unutterably terrible risk of not having his funeral rites performed by a son, and his soul being thereby delivered from torment.*

Recently a judge in Eastern Bengal, observing in his Court some men about to be sworn as witnesses, belonging to an aboriginal tribe who regard the tiger with a dread amounting to religious awe, called for a tiger-skin, and administered the legal oath to each of them with his hand on the skin. The signs of terror with which the oath was thus taken gave him assurance of getting at the truth. The conviction with each evidently was that to utter what was false would ensure an awful death from the sudden onslaught of a tiger. There was some surprise and even amusement in the Court when this was done, and probably the occurrence would not have met with the approval of the judges of the High Court, but the judge was satisfied that the object of the oath was only thus to be secured.

The most remarkable deviation in the law of evidence as laid down in India from the ordinary rules in our Courts is that in India a witness must answer questions put to him, even though the reply may criminate himself. The arrangement is found to be of very great value in a country in which there is general readiness, for obvious advantages, to become "approver," or "Empress's evidence." But there is this proviso for protection of the wit-

* "The Truthful Character of the Hindus," and a remarkable chapter on "Veracity" in India, in Sleeman's "Rambles and Recollections" (vol. ii.), to which work the professor refers.

* An instance is given in the "Life of Lord Lawrence," vol. i, p. 120.

ness—the reply he may make is not admissible as a ground for his impeachment. Magistrates new at the work are sometimes thus led into acts of illegality. One in particular is recalled to my mind, who, on finding a witness on cross-examination acknowledging offences of graver criminality than the one for which the prisoner was being tried, became so indignant as at once to commit the witness himself for trial. Of course, he was soon released, but not without a severe reprimand (“wiggling” is the conventional word, even though judges in India do not wear wigs!) to the magistrate from the district judge.

I am reminded by this allusion of a story narrated by the same magistrate, which contains illustrations not only bearing on the subject of this chapter, but on several features of native character. I will give it as far as I can in the words of the narrator. “I was sitting in my cutcherry (police-court) and dealing with the ordinary business, when the noise of a crowd was heard, and a man brought in upon a stretcher, with blood about his head and chest. He was accompanied by several witnesses ready to confirm all he managed to articulate with apparent difficulty. It was declared that he was lying in his hut for his afternoon sleep, when two men broke open the door, and rushing upon him stabbed him in several places, and left him for dead. Constables were immediately sent to ‘attach’ the alleged assailants. They soon appeared, attended by a group of their witnesses, swearing as positively that the two men were nowhere near the hut of the accuser at the time named by him. On which I left my seat and carefully examined the man on the stretcher, and then proceeded to his house and with equal care inspected it. As the result, I felt persuaded that the wounds on the accuser

were superficial, and that the door of the hut had been broken open from the inside. Pursuing my inquiries, I learnt that there was a blood-feud between the two families, and I came to the conclusion that the accusation of attempted murder had been concocted for purposes of satisfying the claims and desires of the one family for revenge on the other. I therefore acquitted the accused and committed the accuser to prison for trial at the next sessions. And now,” added the magistrate, “observe how the conflicting evidence nearly caused a miscarriage of justice. The district judge, on reading the depositions, wrote to me a letter expressing his surprise at my decision, and declared that in his judgment the wrong party had been committed. But, luckily for me, before the case came into Court the judge was promoted to another position, and another judge tried the case, found the prisoner guilty, and sentenced him to ‘rigorous’ imprisonment.” Such illustrations of the spirit and custom known in Italy as the *vendetta* are, it appears, common among the people of India.

P.S.—In a footnote to chapter i., p. 468, the reader is referred for information on certain vexed questions, to an article in the “Contemporary Review;” but that he may know what can be said in a contrary direction, I beg to advise perusal of the article on “The Indian Crisis” in the “Quarterly Review” of July, 1883. I have also to ask the reader to substitute for the two selected names of “Nath” and “Chupta,” on page 469 (which were by accident uncorrected), the names Prasanna and Keshub, as required by Indian usage, which will be understood by those familiar with the relative importance of the several parts which form the complete names of Hindu gentlemen.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT GHOSTS.

A FINGER-POST on a country road, homely, useful, and prosaic enough by day, becomes a spectre stretching out its gaunt arms, as seen in the dim light of the moon. Nay, donkeys have even served as apparitions to their two-legged relatives!

Doubtless a churchyard should be the place where ghostly visitors to this world most do congregate, and accordingly the stories of churchyard ghosts are of great variety. The upright stones may well present a ghost-like appearance to a timid rustic. The light from a gravedigger's lantern struggling above the ground has been taken to be the escape of the spirit from its earthly tenement, and led to the incontinent flight of the spectator; or a tipsy sexton in his white smock stumbling amongst the tombs has served as a ghost to a whole generation of scared villagers.

This dread of the grave extends beyond the

confines of humble life, *apropos* of which we may mention the story of Mrs. Nightingale's ghost. This lady had been buried in Westminster Abbey, and some young men dining in the vicinity talked the matter over. One, a Mr. Calmel, out of bravado, declared that he would go with a lantern, descend into the yet unfilled grave, and drive a nail in the coffin as evidence of his presence there. A bet being made that he dared not attempt the exploit, he started on his errand and was seen to enter the abbey. As he did not return for a long time his roystering companions became alarmed, and proceeded in a body to search for him. They found him lying senseless at the bottom of the grave, and carried him away. On returning to consciousness he exclaimed, “I've won my wager, and you'll find the nail in the coffin; but the lady rising up and laying hold of me as I was scrambling from the grave caused

me to faint!" He evidently believed this, but on their visiting the grave again they found the nail had been knocked through Calmel's coat, a piece of which was attached to the coffin by this means, so it was the nail that held him down, and not the ghost.

The illuminated churchyards, the corpse-candles so fondly believed in by our ancestors, and the wandering spirits that flit helplessly about or sit mournfully crooning over their graves, are as delusive as is the "will-o'-the-wisp" that lures the belated traveller in a swampy district. It is said that many Welsh people still believe that the body of a recently buried person may be discerned by a light hovering above the grave at night. Reichenbach asserts that the decomposition of animal matter is accompanied by light or luminous vapour, and this, he considers, gives a natural explanation to such-like stories.

Sounds frequently create a superstitious dread, and in the lonely watches of the night, being more audible, have scared many a timid body with an indefinable awe and fear; yet if they had been traced to their source the mystery would have vanished.

Every one can be his own ghost-raiser. The simplicity of the thing is wonderful. Given some mice "scuttling" behind the wainscot, and you have raps from the spirit-world; or an old dame going home with a lantern under and shining through her thin cloak, and you have a fine spectral appearance.

Sir David Brewster mentions the case of a gentleman who heard a sound soon after retiring to rest each night. He was not naturally superstitious, but the persistence and the regularity of the time at which the sound came raised his fears, until he discovered that the wardrobe door, which he closed before getting into bed, slowly forced itself open with a dull sound. The uncertainty of the direction of sound, especially in the dark, did not supply any clue as to the source of it.

How many bells have been preternaturally rung by rats running over the wires! how many owls have given houses the reputation of being haunted! Sir Walter Scott tells how simply one house became "haunted." A poor rat had been caught in a trap, and had just strength enough to raise the door of his prison to a certain extent, and then had to let it drop again. These sounds being heard through the house were supernatural until some one discovered that the "rat-tat" came from the imprisoned rodent.

On another occasion a cat in a cupboard, gnawing at a bone, which rapped against the door as the cat tore at it and it was released with a jerk, gave the proprietor of the domicile cause to suspect that the spirits were at their old games. He thought the sounds proceeded from the cupboard, and in the dim twilight looked therein. *The rapping ceased!* He returned to his occupation, and again the mysterious and warning "tap-tap." This time he made further examination, and found eyes staring at him! They were poor pussy's, who had been the innocent cause of an incident which might else have been embalmed and preserved in the dismal gloom of that literary

chamber of horrors, Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature."

Cats have been the cause of more ghostly manifestations than rapping, however. A gentleman sitting reading in the haunted bedroom of a country house felt a slight blow upon his back as he bent over his book. Turning quickly he was surprised to find himself still alone, as he imagined his host had come quietly in and laid his hand upon him. A strange sensation crept over him. It could not have been imagination! Nothing had fallen. What was it? He became decidedly uncomfortable, and began to think the eyes of the portraits on the walls, with that apparently following look every one has noticed, gazed uncannily at him, as is their fashion. At length he got to bed, but was soon disturbed by some noise. Out he jumped, groped for the matches, and struck one, which flickered and went out. It gave light enough, though, to see a figure in white facing him! With desperate energy he struck another match, and found himself opposite the looking-glass. Somewhat reassuring this; the "ghost" was a reflection of, and upon, himself! And the scratching? Well, that was done by the cat, for there stood grimalkin on the canopy of the bed, and ready to leap upon his shoulder as a convenient stepping-place to the floor, just as she had jumped upon his back when gaining her elevation.

At Aix-la-Chapelle was a house in which knockings were heard, and apparitions were reported to have been seen at the windows. The rooms were sprinkled with holy water, but without avail, for the devil—who on this occasion must have been quite as black as he has been painted—was not to be exorcised. The owner sold the place for what they term "a mere song," and the new proprietor tried something better than holy water—investigation—to cleanse the house of its evil repute. And how simple it was, too! The door opened and closed without human agency, but then—it was blown open by the wind, and swung upon the bottom hinge so as to close of itself! The lucky investor had a new window put in in place of the broken one, and when there was no draught there were no more mysterious knockings. As for the apparitions, they never put in an appearance; they cannot stand investigation!

A curious case, bearing some resemblance to the "miraculous vision" at Knock, in Ireland, some time back, is recorded. A young lady, seated in the evening at a window, observed in the arched window of a chapel opposite a figure bending gracefully. She called her father, who also saw the shadowy form, and he caused some inquiries to be made which resulted in his ascertaining that an old woman who rented a garden beneath the windows of his house was in the habit of going out with a lantern to gather cabbages for next day's dinner. So it was the refracted light from the lantern that threw the shadow, with a halo round its head, upon the chapel window, and the stooping for cabbages gave the mystic genuflexions.

After all, it is really too bad, and like explaining conjuring tricks, to expose the ghosts, for you take all interest from them. J. N. MASKELYNE.

KNOWSLEY,

THE HOME OF THE STANLEYS.



KNOWSLEY.

IN calling up the impressions of Hughenden and Hawarden the memory was limited to the well-known names of contemporary statesmen, and whatever historical significance might possibly be presented through legendary anecdote, no great names beyond our own times arrested the attention. It is widely different with Knowsley, not, indeed, that many of its more remote lords have been called to guide or control the destinies of the nation, but for a very long series of generations back its memories mingle with the most exciting and ominous affairs of the country. The story of the Stanleys is rich in incidents, some more or less doubtful, but certainly containing a heart of entertaining mystery, and, as we draw nearer into historic light, presenting glowing circumstances, of which historians, poets, and novelists have not been slow to avail themselves. Knowsley is indeed one of the great English houses, one of the palatial homes, such as could only be found in—

“A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent.”

It is, in fact, related to the great historic peer-

age of our country; its memories travel up to the times of the Stuarts; but far beyond those times, they run through the whole dynasty of the Tudors and lose themselves in mythologies beyond. Knowsley has never been what we call a castle, but its great barons in ancient times possessed all the splendour that we associate with the great feudal lords, who were a kind of petty kings, with a regal state of their own, with their dapifer or seneschal, their chamberlain and other officers. The ancient Stanleys stand out among the great heroes of English nobility, under whose protection good men lived, and under whose banners brave men died. It is impossible to think of such a house and not to feel how forth from it “life and death have gone away side by side.” Knowsley is one of the most noble and extensive domains in England; its park is not merely the largest in Lancashire, it is the largest in all the northern counties of England, with the exception of that of the Earl of Lonsdale in Westmoreland. It is not more extensive than picturesque. Between fourteen and fifteen miles in circumference, its views on all sides are commanding; it comprehends about two thousand five hundred acres. It is entered by eleven lodges, affording an easy communication with the mansion from the different

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towns and districts of the neighbourhood. All the lodges have massive iron-wrought gates, excepting the Liverpool entrance. This is the most commanding of all; it is the principal approach to the domain, and is an imposing stone edifice. In the centre is a noble arch, supported by a round tower on the right and a square tower on the left, surmounted by the Derby arms, and the family motto, "Sans changer," inscribed. There are large oak doors for the carriage entrance placed under the central arch, beneath which how many royal personages, sovereigns and princes, have passed! And there is a door at the side entrance, under the square tower, and over it the inscription, "Bring good news, and knock boldly."

"The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their greensward bound,
Through shade and sunny gleam;
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream."

Knowsley came into the possession of the Stanley family by the marriage of Sir John Stanley with Isabel, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Lathom, about the middle of the fourteenth century. The story of the Stanleys travels a long way further back; in fact, the Stanleys appear to be of a Norman race with a Saxon name; but to popular



ENTRANCE TO KNOWSLEY.

Such is the entrance to Knowsley. As might be expected from its great extent, the views it presents are exceedingly varied and charming, suggesting every variety of forest scenery—noble groups of trees, and delightful chase, and pleasant woodland views. Then near to the mansion the eye is arrested by the course of the Mersey, broadening out to the Irish Sea, and in the distance the romantic range of the mountains of North Wales. Beyond, in the park, there is a large lake of ninety acres. Art and taste have done their utmost to give to all the possibilities of nature the appearance and suggestion of beauty. On another side—the eastern side of the house—hundreds of acres form the deer park, in which are numerous herds of the red, the fallow, and other deer. The gardens and the pleasure grounds—themselves almost equal to ordinary parks—are laid out upon an extensive scale and decorated with works of art. Noble and princely indeed are these domains, lying round a noble and illustrious house, realising, if any place could realise, the ringing lyric of Mrs. Hemans—

readers they perhaps first distinctly emerged into historic light on the field of Bosworth, when Sir William Stanley, who had greatly assisted to turn the tide of battle in favour of Henry, Earl of Richmond, having found among the spoils of the field an ornamental crown which Richard wore on particular occasions, put it upon the head of Henry, and proclaimed him Henry VII, amidst the acclamations of the field, and shouts of "King Henry! King Henry!" This Sir William Stanley, who first put the crown upon the head of Henry VII, afterwards espoused the cause of Perkin Warbeck, and in that vexed strife the services he had rendered to the king did not prevent the king from taking off his head. The story of Perkin Warbeck is a strange one, and it is most remarkable that the delusion fascinated so many who, like Sir William Stanley, were persons of the highest rank and consideration. There occur in the story other instances in which the Stanleys have found sovereigns ungrateful.

The remark has often been made that there is something rather contradictory in the motto of the

Stanleys—"Sans changer" (Without change)—when contrasted not only with the above, but with other incidents in their career. But, indeed, there appears to have been no treachery, no duplicity, and no betrayal of trust in the attitude of the hero of Bosworth; there was no meanness in what he did. He began public life just as Edward IV was about to begin his reign, and he continued loyal to him throughout. It seems clear that his sympathies never were with Richard. Richard never made a friend of him, but he imprisoned, and nearly succeeded in murdering him. He broke no honourable ties, he violated no faith; while, without any doubt, the Stanleys are one of the few old families who came out of the conflicts of the Roses far greater men than they went in. It is not uninteresting to notice that a singularly prudent and wise forecast of character has marked the career of the Stanleys through a series of generations. Individually, by this they have not always been personal gainers, but it is impossible not to remark that if they have changed it has never been in time-serving, but in obedience to high-toned policy.

And now it is that Knowsley emerges more distinctly into notice. So long since as the period to which we have just referred it was the residence of the Stanleys, but on the occasion of the visit paid by Henry VII to the Countess of Thomas, the first Earl of Derby, the second earl, her son, materially enlarged the mansion for the king's reception. He erected a spacious stone building, with round towers, and the royal apartments were contained between these, and are still called the king's chambers. The old house of Knowsley has been often enlarged, and even to a great extent rebuilt; but it is quite impossible in so brief a story to follow its history through its many changes, until it rises before us in all the completeness and repose of its present grandeur and strength, with its spacious and graceful chambers, its statued and stately terraces, its fallow deer trooping amidst its ferny solitudes and gigantic oaks, the broad waters of its great lakes, its plots of grass and glades separated from the more park-like grounds. And the interior of the house is worthy of its majestic neighbourhood. Its drawing-rooms are palatial and magnificent, its picture gallery splendid, containing some of the noblest pieces of art to be found in the country. It is such a house that many more pages than we can give are necessary to do justice to its treasures. The picture gallery is ninety feet in length by eleven feet in width, and the eye rests upon the gems of such old masters as Vanduyke, Salvator Rosa, Rubens, Vanderveldt, Guido, Claude Lorraine, Corregio, Teniers, and Poussin.

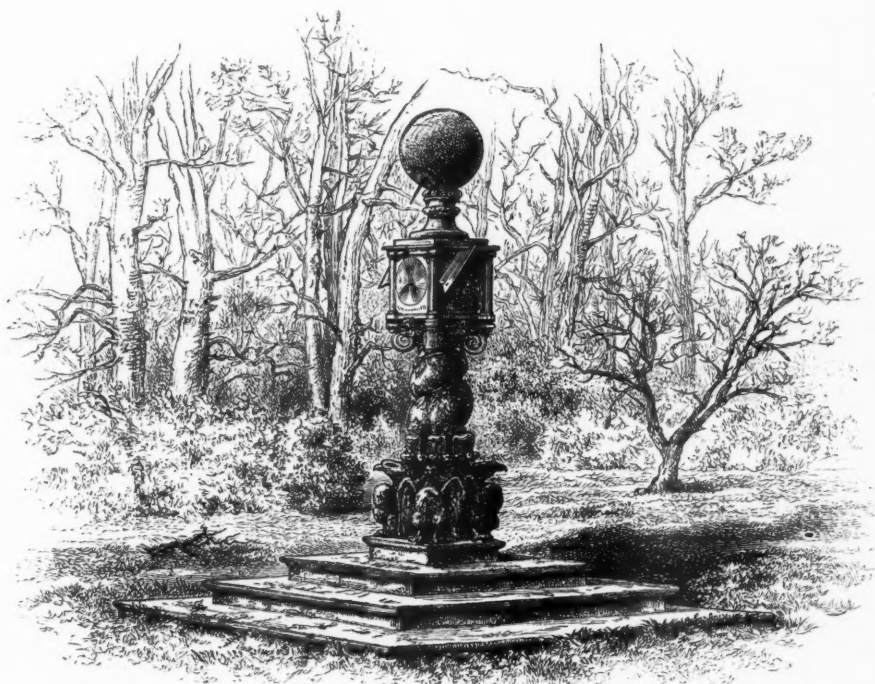
But the attractions of the house are inexhaustible. The private chapel is spacious, and presents not only a convenient but an ornamental ecclesiastical interior. Not many years since it was refitted and rearranged in Gothic style, the whole of the timber-work, including the pews, being of Dantzic oak. When Henry VII visited Knowsley in 1495 the portion of the hall erected to receive the king and his immediate suite was separated from the rest of the mansion. This has, however,

for a long time been united to the pile, and it gives one some idea of the perfection of the masonry and the durability of the building work of those old days, that, although this portion was commenced and completed in a few months, it is standing strong and stable still, and it now constitutes the principal frontage of the mansion. The red-stone portion was thus prepared to give a worthy reception to another and more recent royal personage, George IV. It was Edward, the twelfth earl, who achieved these changes, and in the king's chamber is shown the bedstead used by the prince, but during the later period of his regency. The royal visit was commemorated by large Prince of Wales's feathers in gold and crimson velvet exhibited on the top of the footboard. But the most magnificent room in a house where all the rooms are invested with a peculiar attractiveness is the splendid banquetting-room within the massive square tower; this also was built by the twelfth earl. The gorgeous interior is entered by a massive carved oak door, sixteen feet in height. The room is large and spacious and fifty feet in height. The Gothic ceiling, the furniture of elaborately carved oak—most prominent an immense carved oak side-board, a family heirloom of many centuries and great antiquity—the vast fireplaces, the chaste yet elegant drapery, the artistic decorations, the portraits of the Earls and Countesses of Derby from the very earliest times, shadows of grim and stern-visaged knights, or the firm or gentle, the dove-like or the eagle-spirited ancestresses of the house, and the many noble but more miscellaneous pictures—all present an impressive and suggestive interior, which could not be exhausted in hours of meditation, and even at a glance calling up a vivid impression, in these times when feudalism is relaxing its hold, of the old days of baronial strength.

Perhaps in a paper like this we ought not to omit a reference to—whether we can quite explain is another matter—the singular and so often prominent crest of the Stanley or Derby family; the eagle and the child. It seems to hold a mysterious tradition, and several attempts have been made at a solution of it. Perhaps our readers know something of the story of Sir Thomas Lathom, of the reign of Edward III. It is said that in the old age of this ancient knight, finding himself heirless and childless, he and his wife, the Lady Isabel Stanley, discovered in an eagle's nest, hard by their mansion, a child; this child was adopted by them and became, by the name and title of Sir Oskatel D'Lathom, the inheritor of these great estates. But another version of the story is that Sir Thomas Lathom, as he drew towards the close of life, confessed that Sir Oskatel was only his natural son, that he had placed him in the eagle's nest, and that the daughter of Sir Thomas Lathom, the Lady Stanley, in contempt and derision of the spurious brother, took the eagle and child for the crest, in token of conquest over him and of his claims. There is, no doubt, much of the mythical and fabulous about the story, but it seems probable that, amidst the variations with which the tradition is presented,

there is something like a probable air of truth in that concise version which we have summarised from the lengthy pages of Seacome for our readers. At the same time a little circumstance, quoted from Jones of Tynemouth by Dr. Paulli, in his learned life of King Alfred, appears to have escaped notice. One day, when Alfred was hunting in the forest, he heard the cry of an infant, which appeared to come from a tree. He dispatched his huntsmen to seek for the voice. They climbed the tree and found on the top in an eagle's nest a wondrously beautiful child, clothed in purple and with golden bracelets on its arms. The king commanded that it should be cared for, baptized, and well educated. In remembrance of

of Derby held out with such enduring chivalry against the troops of the Parliament, is one of the most stirring and famous chapters in English story; but although so near to Knowsley, and an essential part of the history of the great family, its details do not furnish reminiscences for our present visit. These incidents, however, occurred during the earldom of James, the seventh Earl of Derby, who is always called the "great Stanley," and his character certainly shines forth in very noble lights. He was so unfortunate as to live during the period of the second civil war, and the Royal cause had no more true and faithful friend. He formed an alliance with the French royal family, marrying Charlotte De La Tremouille, the



SUNDIAL KNOWSLEY.

the singular discovery he caused it to be named Nestingus. It was added that the great-granddaughter of this foundling was a great favourite at the court of King Edgar. Thus there was clearly the tradition of an eagle and child before those to which we have alluded. Is it possible that the Stanleys derive their crest from the Saxons as they derive their name?

Change swept on change in the history of the Stanley family, but for a long time enlarged the territories of Knowsley. In 1552 Edward, the third Earl of Derby, exchanged his house in London, called Derby Place, for considerable lands round Knowsley, thus materially increasing his Knowsley estates. A large portion of the most romantic story of the House of Derby, however, transpired at Lathom. The siege of Lathom House during the civil wars, when the Countess

third daughter of Claude, Duke of Thouars, and this was the lady who has shed such a lustre over womanhood by her magnificent resistance, in the absence of her husband, during the siege of Lathom for a period of three months.

At this period the Stanleys were perhaps at their topmost reach of splendour; they kept up regal state as Lords of the Isle of Man, they sustained a house in high condition in Chester, through whose curious but now deserted chambers the visitor may still wander; Lancashire was largely in their possession, so that the "great Earl" was a grand accession to the Royal cause. A wiser councillor the unfortunate king could not have had; in every relation he appears to have been a pure and pious, a firm and faithful man. But the king seems never to have valued him at his proper worth. He did his best for Charles I,

and it is believed that after the battle of Worcester he placed Charles II upon the road of safety and escape to Boscobel. For his attachment to the Royal cause he lost his life on the scaffold, and his immense estates were sequestered; his last days were beautified by a fine Christian character, and his letters to his wife and son unveil a pure and noble nature in its last claims for magnanimity. His noble widow, the Lady of Lathom, became an exile and wanderer, reduced even to poverty. After all this, will it be believed, yet it is true, that upon the restoration of Charles II a bill was passed through Parliament for restoring the sequestered family estates, and it was Charles II alone who ungratefully refused to sanction the bill? They were, however, ultimately recovered. The Lady of Lathom died at Knowsley on the 21st of March, 1663, aged fifty-seven, and was buried on the 6th of April, by the side of her husband, in the family vault at Ormskirk. Their story is a very sad and tragic one, but the annals of the English peerage cannot furnish the history of a nobler pair. When Charles, the eighth earl, succeeded, Lathom House was in ruins, Knowsley little better; but under him the great family began again to recover itself. In the library at Knowsley, which is very rich in objects of antique interest, not merely in books and paintings, but in curious carved oak, stands also the chair in which the "great Earl" sat when he was beheaded at Bolton. It is of oak, black as ebony from great age. It has a low carved back with spiral spindles, and it bears the inscription, "This chair, of the great Earl of Derby at his martyrdom, was presented by James Hardcastle, of Bolton-le-Moors, to the Right Honourable Edward Geoffery, Earl of Derby."

It is said that within the last few centuries more royal visits have been paid to Knowsley than to the seat of any nobleman in England; it is also said that no other noble house has such a pre-eminent command of facilities for entertaining the crowd of retainers and servants which royalty is supposed to bring in its train. The "king's apartments" are specially set apart for the reception and entertainment of members not only of our own royal family, but of the monarchs of foreign countries. Here, in 1865, the Prince and Princess of Wales were entertained for four days; in 1867 the Queen of the Netherlands was a guest for some days; in 1868 the Earl of Derby received a crowd of princes and princesses, who were conducted to an entertainment the most brilliant of its kind ever given in Liverpool, the number of guests entertained being not less than 3,000. Such reports give a conception of the palatial magnificence and the princely means possessed by the Earls of Derby.

It was under the House of Hanover that the Stanleys began to resume their ancient splendour. The tenth earl, James, who was closely attached to William of Orange, with whom he had served in Flanders, began in 1708 to rebuild and restore the waste places of Knowsley; and in doing so he immortalised the ingratitude of Charles II and his sense of it by causing the following inscription to be carved upon a stone in the front, where

it remains to the present day:—"James, Earl of Derby, Lord of Man and of the Isles, grandson of James, Earl of Derby, and of Charlotte, daughter of Claude, Duke of Tremouille, whose husband James was beheaded at Bolton, 15th of October, 1652, for strenuously adhering to Charles II, who refused a bill unanimously passed by both Houses of Parliament for restoring to the family the estate he had lost by his loyalty to him. 1732."

We are not writing the history of the House of Stanley and its successive earls excepting so far as they are connected with the old house. Their story will be found at length in the curious old volume of Seacome or the more compact account of Pollard. During the later generations they appear to have compensated for the agitations of other times by their repose, fulfilling apparently in an eminent degree the character of kind and more than equitable landlords, usually and naturally taking an enlightened part in politics, but spending their enormous wealth in improving the great estate, and sometimes in curious but not unuseful pursuits. Thus, the thirteenth earl had a marvellous hobby arising from his attachment to zoology, he was the president of the Linnæan and Zoological Societies, and his collection at Knowsley was the largest, most varied, and most valuable in the kingdom, perhaps in the world, comprising rare and costly specimens from almost every foreign country. He had agents in almost every known land purchasing for him living as well as dead specimens of all kinds, which were forwarded to the earl at Knowsley. The mammalia in the collection consisted of ninety-four species and three hundred and forty-five individuals. Perhaps the aviary was the most splendid collection of birds ever formed, including the masked parrots from the South Sea Islands, the black-necked swans from South America, the wingless bird of New Zealand—the first, and in some instances the only, specimens ever brought to this country. He formed also a museum, splendid and unrivalled; and this, when he died in 1851, he bequeathed to the Free Library of Liverpool, where it is now known as the "Derby Museum." This earl appears to have been as kind of heart as he was curious in his researches into natural history. It was his habit to travel over different portions of his Knowsley estates every day; and once, when in the winter he met a foreman in a distant part of the park, having been surprised at the absence of all the workmen, he inquired where they were. The foreman replied, "Rather too frosty, my lord, to do a fair day's work." Upon which the earl immediately rejoined, "Poor men must live, frost or no frost," and ordered the foreman immediately to send for them and find something for them all to do. The obsequies of the Stanleys have usually been attended with great splendour. The coffin of this earl was made from a favourite oak-tree which grew in Knowsley Park. When the body was enshrined in it, and it was placed, until its removal to the old family vault, in the apartment known as the earl's room, it must have realised all the impressions we associate with the most magnificent paraphernalia of death—plumes of ostrich feathers bending over the coffin, the dark

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tapestry round the room dimly lighted by the immense wax candles, the light being reflected from the scutcheons and candelabra of silver. The funeral procession was immense, from Stanley Gate to the vault in Ormskirk, two miles and a half distant. The earl's coronet on the crimson velvet cushion deposited on the crimson velvet coffin in the church will be the last placed there; the Ormskirk vault is full, and a new mausoleum has been constructed in Knowsley Church, where already one earl rests, and where all the future lords will probably find their last home.

But the most distinguished of the lords of Knowsley since James, the "great Earl," was probably the last, Edward, the fourteenth Earl of Derby. His tastes differed from his father's; he took a high rank in his University, at Christ Church, Oxford, and when only twenty won the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse. He became, as all men know, an active and even vehement politician. There were many who regarded him as the most effective parliamentary orator of his time. Among other capable critics, Lord Macaulay, Sir Archibald Alison, and men of most opposite views, speak of his powers in the same way, while Lord Lytton, in his "New Timon," speaks of him as—

"The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
Frank, haughty, rash—the Rupert of debate!
Nor gout nor toil his freshness can destroy,
And time still leaves all Eton in the boy;
First in the class, and keenest in the ring,
He saps like Gladstone, and he fights like Spring!
Yet who but listens, with delighted smile,
To the pure Saxon of that silver style;
In the clear style a heart as clear is seen,
Prompt to the rash—revolting from the mean."

Knowsley must have been a fine retreat for a man capable of relieving an active political life by a learned leisure; and although the motives to literary labour were few, he found time to give to the world a very noble translation of Homer, and a little work is published from his pen by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, "Conversations on the Parables of the New Testament," revealing considerable thought and knowledge and appreciation of Biblical literature. He retired from public parliamentary life in 1868, and died at Knowsley in 1869. His funeral was as simple as some of the previous funereal pageants had been magnificent.

Knowsley has thus, through its long day, known a variety of imposing scenes. In 1847, for instance, when the present earl attained his majority, coming fresh from Trinity College, Cambridge, where he had graduated after his early education at Rugby, he brought with him a number of prizes from his University. Knowsley on this day was arrayed in rich festivities. Invitations seem to have been scattered broadcast among the nobility and gentry and tradespeople of all classes, not only in Liverpool, but in the surrounding towns of Lancashire, while in addition to this the grounds of Knowsley were thrown open and

all people invited to partake of the liberal hospitalities provided by the earl. Of course the tenantry and the labourers on the estates were regaled and cordially welcomed. For a week the festivities continued; marquees were erected throughout the extensive grounds. A great banquet was given in one spacious and elegantly decorated marquee, erected close to the hall: those who were present speak of it as the grandest spectacle of the kind they had ever seen.

As the last earl differed from his father alike in character and career, so do the tastes of the present earl differ from the last. He has travelled extensively, for the purpose of carefully noting and studying our colonies; he is a shrewd observer as well as a vigorous thinker; he has not his father's gifts and graces as an orator, but his speeches are always interesting and sensible,* and remarkable for their clearness and suggestiveness. While we write this we have before us a noble address to the Rochdale Working Men's Club. It was our pleasure to be entertained the week after its delivery by the same host, James Ashworth, Esq., of Sparbrook, who entertained the earl, and it is good to remember the impression left by that address, in which his lordship, like a thoroughly accomplished political economist, a kind but hard-headed thinker, set before a large concourse of working men the present state of industrial affairs, not only in the manufacturing districts of England, but in America and over the world; discoursing of peasant proprietorship, of co-operative institutions, of temperance and its value to the working classes, and other kindred topics. It is good to hear the representative of such a house as that of Stanley saying, "I am not at all a believer in what are called the good old times in general; most abuses are old; what is new is the eye trained to detect these, and that conscience which revolts against them." Speaking of the changes which are to come, he said, "We may have changes in the Land Laws, and probably shall in the next few years; but though they may lead to more careful and profitable cultivation of the soil, they are very unlikely to lead to a larger number of persons being employed upon it. The small freeholder and the very small occupier have never held their own in England, any more than the hand-loom weaver against the competition of the power-loom. I think it will be so still." Again he said, "A working man who is a teetotaler pays lower taxes—I say it with confidence—than in any country in the world; in fact, except on his tea and coffee, he hardly pays taxes at all. It is in his power to emancipate himself almost entirely from the tax-gatherer if he choose, while by his vote he retains power over the national outlay. I

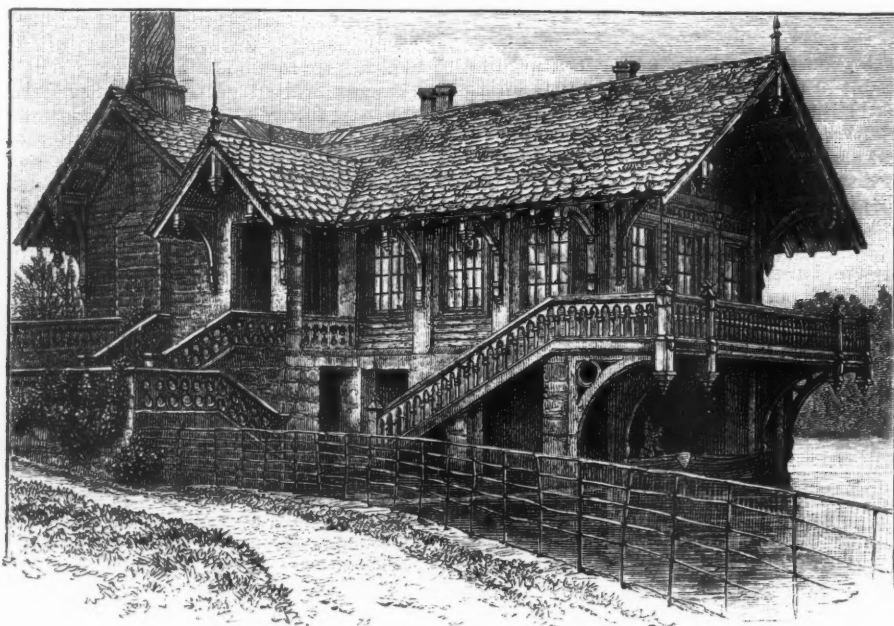
* A portrait and memoir of the late Lord Derby will be found in the "Leisure Hour" volume for 1864, and of the present earl in the volume for 1874. The writer of this paper justly refers to the sound judgment of the present lord of Knowsley as his chief characteristic; and as in every rank of life the most valuable mental quality is what is known as "common sense," no wonder that it gives such influence to one with knowledge and culture so varied, and in a position so commanding. But while the world chiefly sees and judges the intellectual side of what appears a calm if not cold nature, those who have been associated with Lord Derby in the various beneficent charities of which he is a supporter and patron (we name only the Royal Literary Fund) know the warmth and generosity of his heart.

tell you, therefore, as working men, if you wish your class to have social power corresponding to the political power which you now possess, bring your opinion to bear upon this question of temperance."

Again, "All reforms are akin, and of all reforms that lie ready to your hand, social reform is the most urgent, and the most practical, and the greatest in its personal results."

Also his words on emigration, and especially to America or Canada, are well worthy of being quoted. "But, though I do not hold that there is much of an opening for working men on the land at home, I do not say the same of land elsewhere. I think it is a very fair question whether in this little island of ours we are not getting packed too close, and whether we have not suffered from the comparative stoppage of emigration in the last few years. Emigration is, for a people like ours, a natural and even a necessary outlet. You may pass what laws you please, you may lighten the burden of taxation until the working men are practically exempt, but so long as there are more of them than can get work, so long as two men are looking after one employer, neither votes, nor freedom from taxes, nor anything else that politicians can do, nor yet any expedient of their own for producing artificial scarcity of labour in special employments, will, in the long run, prevent them from being badly off. I am not contending, of course, that any of you should start off for the New World without inquiry as to the chances when you get there. Just now the Americans have their troubles as well as we, but with their boundless soil, with their rapidly accumulating capital, and with their exceptional energy, they are sure to rally before

long. There are children living who will probably see the United States numbering two hundred millions of inhabitants, and I do not think there is any subject to which leaders of working men can more usefully turn their attention than the supplying to those who want it here accurate and trustworthy intelligence as to their chances beyond the Atlantic, either north or south of the Canadian boundary line. We shall always have men enough left at home; and even if emigration were to go the length of checking the increase here, which it almost certainly will not, surely it is better to have 35,000,000 of human beings leading useful and intelligent lives, rather than 40,000,000 struggling painfully for a bare subsistence. There are persons, I know, who would object, on the ground that, though emigration may be good for the individual, it weakens the State. I cannot take that view. A contented people goes a long way to make a State powerful, and I have always been convinced that a great deal of our freedom from internal trouble in this country, which we sometimes ascribe to national character, and sometimes to our political constitution, is really due to the various outlets which, both in past and present times, we have created to ourselves beyond the seas. They are our safety-valves, and if they get choked I should expect the results to be uncomfortable." These and many other such words from the lips of the present lord of Knowsley indicate a mind fully alive to the necessities and aspects of the times, and give the assurance of his being a statesman not merely equal to the claims of the colonies, but to the more difficult and pressing emergencies of domestic and national politics.



BOAT-HOUSE ON LAKE, KNOWSLEY.

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EASTWARD BY THE UNION PACIFIC.

IT requires the ingenuity of a Sala to write any new thing anent the sights of that wonderful thirty-four-year-old city of San Francisco, which, surrounded by sand hills and veiled in light mists most of the summer, rejoices in a climate as unsatisfactory as that of a wet English June in the daytime, whilst towards night men and horses shiver in great-coats and rugs in the streets, and the wind blows up dust clouds as on a March evening. Yet there is much connected with the city and its mixed population that interests and astonishes on a first visit to its busy docks and business quarters, in the rows of stately banks, hotels, and offices; the broad streets and fine stores thronged with a motley crowd of brokers, miners, the turbaned East Indian tourists of many nations, and the yellow-faced and sleek coolie, who hurries by with his bales slung at the ends of a long bamboo. Great is the contrast in the almost deserted and grass-grown streets of the aristocratic quarters, where open and closed tramcars are wound swift and silently by means of a wire cable up and down the steep recurrent hills, an engineer standing by a lever being the sole visible cause and controller of this unique mode of transit, one both agreeable and convenient in localities where the gradient is too severe for horses, as in Sutter, Tolsom, Upper Montgomery, and California Streets. These are bordered with the spacious wooden mansions of the merchants and millionaires, so carved and ornamented as to imitate stone, and surrounded by small well-kept green lawns, and shrubberies of exotics which thrive well in this mild damp climate. Many of the inferior streets are entirely paved with wood, and present a very rotten and uneven surface for pedestrians and horses.

The courtyard, interior corridors, and staircases of the monster Palace Hotel are the most graceful architectural features of the city. The effect of the white-pillared façade of the seven tiers of long corridors, with tropical hanging-plants drooping from the vast conservatory roof and grouped round the fountain below, is quite fairylike towards evening, flooded with electric light, and the scene is enlivened by the portly old negresses with gay bandannas round their heads, the pretty, coquetish, and much befuddled and befuddled youthful quadroons, and the swift-moving paper-shod and blue-boused Chinaman, who always looks trim and neat as though just turned out of a bandbox, a fact that perplexes greatly when once a visit has been paid to his home in the Chinese quarter. For there they are crowded into the smallest possible compass, and throng the paper lantern lighted streets after eight p.m., when they have returned from their avocations in the city. One night, under the safeguard of a detective, we enjoyed the customary glimpse of the joss-house, opium dens, pawnbrokers, jewellers, druggists, provision stores, and restaurants of oft-described China Town, cursorarily inspecting by

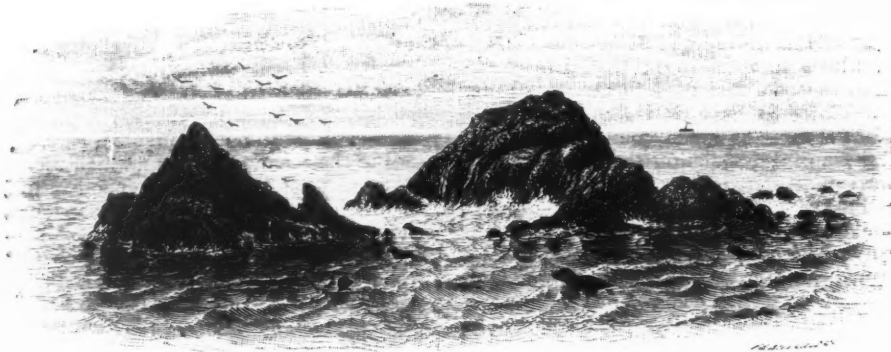
the flicker of the solitary candle carried by our guide still darker, narrower, and more slimy underground courts and alleys. On the stage of the theatre, in Jackson Street, men, richly dressed as women, were caterwauling, dismally swaying monotonously from side to side, to the accompaniment of a pot and kettle orchestra, and stringed and wind instruments, which seemed each tuned at a different pitch or playing different airs—at least to non-Mongolian ears.

But the scene and the din which there delighted a large audience of Chinamen, who refreshed themselves at intervals with bits of sugar-cane or whiffs of the opium-pipe, was hardly more noisy or unintelligible than that witnessed at the Stock Exchange in Lower California Street in the morning. This circular hall, or arena, occupies the third floor of a large building, and is surrounded by a parterre of stalls, each rented at fabulous sums to non-members eager to instruct their brokers at critical moments of the fray. There is a raised desk for the registrar and his clerks, and a circular gallery above for visitors. The place is silent and empty until at the sound of a bell a jostling throng of men rush in tumultuously, begin to shout out at the top of their voices, shake their hands in each other's faces, button-hole, collar, and punch and push each other about, dancing a frantic war dance to all appearances. In ten minutes the hubbub subsides as suddenly as it began, and the combatants rush out into the streets for air and repose until the bell summons another sessions. How sales are registered or effected amid such a din is another of the many San Francisco mysteries.

In this city is located the only public aquarium on the American continent (there are several zoological stations on the east coast), in Woodward's Gardens, which also contains concert-rooms, theatres, a menagerie, and are a favourite haunt of the pleasure-loving Californians, who keep Sunday much after the Continental fashion. This aquarium, about the size of the Hamburg one, is exceedingly well kept, and contains many interesting specimens of the Pacific coast fishes. But the pair of captive sea-lions are very inferior to those long domiciled in the Brighton Aquarium, and originally brought from these gardens. There is a fine preserve of these noisy animals, which belong to the tribe of eared seals, and should be known as *Otaria Californica* of Koch, a specific name which has priority over that of Steller's sea-lion (*O. Stelleri*), with which the species is identical, on the three small rocks outside the bay. There they lie like great yellow slugs, barking like dogs, and plunging now and then for a swim in the wavelets of the Pacific Ocean, which here splashes mildly on a long stretch of sandy shore. There is only one drive, and that is *de rigueur*, through the park of Buena Yerba, so wondrously rescued from the sand hills and coaxed into verdure and vegetation, past Loan Mountain Ceme-

tery, with its solitary cross, to the Cliff House, and thence to the rocky entrance of the bay, fancifully called the Golden Gate. This narrow cleft in the coast range—comparatively a modern feature—is guarded by a stone fort manned by militia and armed with guns of an obsolete calibre. Before you stretches a vast expanse of silvery

the State. About seven the ascent of the western slope of the Sierra Nevada commenced—the temperature falling swiftly as the grade rose. Cape Horn was rounded at midnight, the frequently recurrent snowsheds in part consoling one for the absence of daylight or a full moon. It was very cold at dawn near summit, 7,000 feet



SEA-LION ROCKS, OFF SAN FRANCISCO, PACIFIC OCEAN.

ocean; just opposite rise the brown and yellow bare cliffs closing the narrow channel which beyond the island-fortress of Alcatraz opens into a broad and spacious land-locked bay sheltered by soft outlined hills which the rival cities of Oakland and San Francisco are swiftly encroaching.

There is one very odd feature connected with the land of big cherries and big diamonds (often sported at breakfast in this paradise of parvenus), and that is the payment of all drafts in gold. Notes can only be obtained as a favour, and a pile of gold eagles—each of the value of four pounds sterling—larger than a florin, and the handsomest coin of any mint, is inconvenient ballast for travellers in a country where the train robber has replaced the highwayman of old. On the Atlantic coast the reverse obtains—gold is scarce and paper the prevailing issue. But San Francisco currency is altogether peculiar; there is no coin of less value than five cents, and that is a recent concession; years ago nothing less than a "bit" or 6½d. was tendable.

The first disappointment connected with our journey eastward by the Union Pacific was the unpleasant discovery that the Atlantic Express had been recently timed to leave Oakland Wharf at 3.30 p.m., a change that involved crossing the Sierras—the only bit of grand scenery on the route—by night, an unnecessarily vexatious arrangement. After a brief land transit the train runs on board a mammoth ferry-boat, the largest in the world, which steamed slowly with its heavy freight of two entire trains across from the city of valleys to that of Benicia, over the Straits of Carquinez, a sheet of beautiful blue water which unites the Bays of San Pablo and Suisun, through which the Sacramento flows on its way to the Pacific. Then on through fertile and cultivated valleys to the city of Sacramento, the capital of

above the sea, and the rapid descent thence to Truckee and beyond afforded occasional glimpses of bare smoothed boulders and storm-beaten pines, rushing mountain torrents and now and again a too brief vision of snow-strewn plateaux, and the rugged jagged peaks of the High Sierras soon shut out by the long wooden sheds which protect the track from drifts and keep the road open in winter. At eight we halted at Wadsworth, at the base of the eastern slope, chiefly remarkable as a meal station, where they charge a "quarter" for a cup of bad tea, and as an outpost of the "Great American Desert." All that day we journeyed on over a dreary barren waste bordered remotely with grey bare mountains. The outstretched plain was formerly a lake basin or great inland sea, but is now covered as with hoar frost, with an efflorescence of alkali fatal to all vegetation save that of the spiky stiff tufts of the pallid safe brush which grows in ever-recurrent monotony at regular intervals.

Truly there is no romance about the Nevada and Utah deserts; no belts of pure white sand, purple-hazed mountains, rich glows of ever-shifting colour; neither cacti nor palm, but only such uniformity of desolation as appals by its vastness. Even the rivers of this region disappear beneath the surface and flow underground. For once all are glad to take refuge in conversation or the friendly rubber. But the night outlook with a moon in its first quarter was weird and fascinating. The stars and comet glowed with resplendent flame; the Pleiads justified the poetic accuracy of Tennyson with their brilliancy, and

"Glutted like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid;"

while the Milky Way streamed in a broad belt of light across the deep blue sky. But we might as well have been stationary during the night, for no

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change in the scenery was visible early in the following morning. Later on, as Ogden was neared, the gleaming expanse of the Great Salt Lake and the majestic outlines of the Waksatch and Vintah Mountains came into view. Before reaching the junction a man rushed excitedly through the cars, followed by another who distributed extras of the "Ogden Herald," which made known the fact of the President's assassination at eight a.m., at the central division of the Union Pacific.

At Ogden, now a populous and thriving city of Mormondom, and the junction for Salt Lake City, we transferred to the "Utah Central" for the metropolis of Utah, and, in the course of the two-dollar thirty-six mile and two hours' ride thereon, passed along the rocky shores of the silent Salt Lake, a flock of wild geese hovering over its unruffled surface, the only sign of life in the vicinity. Piles of white salt are ranged along the margin of its waters, which are gradually losing their saltiness, although, fed by underground sources, retaining their present volume. The successive raised terraces, or ancient shore-line, plainly indicate that formerly the waters washed the very slopes of the encircling mountains. Rounding a projecting spur, the city of the saints comes suddenly into view, with a snow-covered range in the background, one of the most imposing groups as a whole on the American continent. The streets of the city are wide, planted with rows of trees, and watered on either side by running streamlets. Shady gardens surround each low-verandahed white house, extra wings and doors indicating the residence of a polygamous member of the community. Here and there a tall modern mansion proclaims the home of a bishop, apostle, or elder, and, *ergo*, wealthy member of the church. Three of the most tasteful homes in the city belong to the apostate Walker brothers, who seceded to the Gentiles under pressure of one of Brigham Young's extra tithing decrees.

There was a very large assemblage at the usual two o'clock service on the Sunday at the Tabernacle, an enormous structure of the Dishcover order of architecture. But its seating capacities are most capacious, and acoustic properties excellent, for the smallest sound can be heard from one end to the other of the large circular galleries or arena when empty. When filled with a large and restless congregation all sounds are repeated, and the speaker's voice sometimes fails to dominate the rest. The men sit on the left, the women on the right. To the centre are the strangers' seats, and all face the raised dais and official seats of the president and the apostles ranged in a semicircle. The large organ, of native manufacture, is flanked by the choir of male and female voices. Below the side seats of the seventy is a long table covered with a white cloth, bread baskets, and flagons, and behind it are seated the black-coated deacons, who, at intervals during the proceedings, rapidly distribute the bread and water in a very matter-of-fact manner, like refreshments, among the congregation, which remains seated. Among the numerous officials on the platform we recognised President John Taylor,

Brigham Young's successor, and the Hon. George Qute Cameron, who had talked courteous commonplaces at an interview previously accorded us in the late Brigham Young's office, a long, low room in the Beehive residence, hung with portraits of the early pioneers of the church. Mr. Taylor, a hale, grey-headed old man, received four bullets in his side when the prophet, Joseph Smith, was shot by the mob, with the connivance of his guards, during the early persecutions of the church. Mr. Cannon, a middle-aged, shrewd, and well-educated Englishman, a journalist, with a penchant for science, was then the representative of Utah in Congress. Now he is practically disenfranchised by the bill lately passed forbidding polygamists office. For both he and the President are reputed to be very much married, but the number is not a matter of exact history. In accordance with a Western proverb, "There's nothing freezes harder than a Mormon's tongue if you want to know how many wives he has."

Both these gentlemen spoke at length. Their discourses treated of the early troubles of the church, the development, increase, and content of its present members in Utah. President Taylor referred to the murder of the American President, and to his own share in the trials and persecutions, and laid claim to prophetic powers in the following passage, which gives some idea of the peculiar tenets and claims of the Mormon priesthood, and is taken verbatim from the official report in the "Evening Desert News," published two days afterwards:—

"The gospel reveals many things to us that others are unacquainted with. I knew of those terrible events that were coming upon this nation previous to the breaking out of our great fratricidal war just as well as I now know that they have transpired, and I have spoken of them to many. What of that? Do I not know that a large nation like that in which we live, a nation that is blessed with the finest, the most enlightened and magnificent Government in the world to-day, with privileges that would exalt people to heaven if lived up to—do I not know that if they do not live up to them, but violate and trample them under their feet, and discard the sacred principles of liberty by which we ought to be governed—do I not know that their punishment will be commensurate with the enlightenment they possess? I do. And I know—and I cannot help but know—that there are a great many more afflictions yet awaiting this nation. But would I put forth my hand to help bring them on? God forbid! And you, Latter Day Saints, would you exercise your influence to the accomplishment of an object of that kind? God forbid! But we cannot help but know these things. But our foreknowledge of these things does not make us the agents in bringing them to pass. We are told that the wicked will slay the wicked. We are told in Sacred Writ that "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord, "and I will repay." And in speaking of ourselves we need not be under apprehensions pertaining to the acts of men, for the Lord has said, 'It is my business to take care of my saints,' but it is our business to be saints. . . ."

There was something very depressing in the proceedings and surroundings. The dispersal of the large assemblage of several thousands afforded a good opportunity of criticising the physique of the Mormons. Certainly far from handsome as a race, the men for the most part are heavy-jawed, pallid, with an oily, sanctimonious expression of countenance, the women dejected and dowdy. Shrewdness, cunning, and love of power are the predominating expressions among the rulers, and vacant dulness or fanatical zeal among the ruled. Yet men of intellect and culture have thrown in their lot with the sect. Such was the late Professor J. G. Barfoot, the enthusiastic curator of Salt Lake City Museum, founded by Brother Brigham, which contains a most interesting and valuable assemblage of the fossils, minerals, and some of the zoological curiosities of Utah Territory—a very instructive series long fostered by the energy of the veteran Mormon elder and scientist.

A great festival and demonstration, planned for the "glorious fourth," was of course much curtailed, and Independence Day passed as quietly as the fire-crackers and pistol-shots of the juveniles, and national airs played vigorously by white-gloved bandmen, would permit. Early next morning we left this peaceful and beautiful oasis in a great belt of desert, wherein fertility and plenty replaced barren desolation at a period considerably in anticipation of the general Western exodus, under difficulties, dangers, and privations that only a religious motive could have overcome—all the work of an industrious and insignificant sect galvanised into vitality by the ill-judged persecutions in Illinois. The long isolation of the New Zion from the rest of the world favoured the development of the later crimes and iniquities authorised by the rulers and priesthood, and of which the ruled, as a body, may be acquitted. Since the completion of the Union Pacific, each succeeding year tends to increase the Gentile population, and to diminish exclusive Mormon influence in Utah Territory, which will soon be linked more closely with New Mexico and Arizona by the Utah Southern, and with South Colorado by the extension of the Denver and Rio Grande so rapidly pushing westwards.

Again boarding the Atlantic Express at Ogden, we entered the sombre defile of the Devil's Gate—a rent in the Vintah Mountains which trend from east to west instead of from north-west to south-west, or across the continent instead of down it, and seem to bar all progress except by Weber and Echo cañons—walls of rock which close sometimes abruptly on each side and hang over the narrow roadway; at others they open into pleasant glades, wherein the river, before rushing in a foaming current, broadens and flows placidly onwards. Here columns of rock are eroded by weather and drift sand into the most fantastic shapes, and often capped with flat tabular masses of a more wear-resisting stratum. Then came another stretch of desert and sage, desolate alkaline plain, across which the early pioneers and Mormon immigrants were transported in bullock waggons, or, worse still, toiled on foot, dragging

hand-carts, starving, frozen, and dying in unknown numbers in obedience to the will of their leaders, who declared that method of transport was a special revelation, although they declined to travel by it themselves.

It was almost dusk when we halted at Green River City, in Wyoming Territory, amid rock sections teeming with fossil fishes of the Miocene age and scenery of the peculiar Butte type, characteristic of the Bad Lands. This consists of long, low, square-topped hills, often narrowed at their summits into chimney-peaks, buttresses, and citadels of rock, or sentinel columns, all the lines of stratification beautifully shown, one stratum being superimposed on another of a different shade or texture in well-marked and undisturbed sequence, and denuded by rain and frost from horizontal strata into their present picturesqueness. Green River runs near the Yellowstone Lake, towards the north flows almost due south, uniting with the Grand River of Colorado in Utah Territory, and thence streams on through mighty cañons as the Colorado, which we had crossed at the boundary-line between the States of Arizona and California on the Southern Pacific, close to its outlet in the Gulf of California.

Before dawn there was a sudden jerk and long delay, for the engine ran into a freight train ahead and damaged its steam-chest so severely that, plugged up as it was, it barely managed to drag the cars on to the next locomotive station. This delay caused us to miss all the regular meal stations for the next twenty-four hours, and it is to be hoped that our experience of those bugbears of the road was worse than that which usually befalls others. That day was spent in traversing the bare, rugged plateau of the "great divide," or elevated ridge of rock, which determines the eastern or western outflow of the continental drainage, and descending thence to the plains of Laramie, a rolling, billowy expanse of fragrant herbage, now overrun by the domestic sheep and cattle of the ranchmen, but once the favoured haunt of the vast herds of the buffalo, whose days are numbered on the American continent. For, divided by the wedge of ever-advancing colonisation and dispersed by the hunter into two distinct and scanty bands, they are now found only in the wilds of North-Western Manitoba, or the southern portion of the great empire-state of Texas. In fact, the epoch of the buffalo in the vicinity of the Union Pacific, despite illustrations to the contrary, is as irrevocably one of the past as that of the mastodon and primeval man at Charing Cross. But the graceful red deer, and now and then a stray coyote, or prairie wolf, were occasionally visible, and the loopholed walls of Government forts and shanty stockades told of the stern necessities and troublous days of Indian warfare.

On leaving Laramie City, the gradient, which had fluctuated often during the gradual rise of four thousand feet from Ogden, now four hundred and sixty miles distant, became severe as the track entered on the elevated and grassy region and the so-termed passage of the Rocky Mountains began. At Sherman the highest elevation (8,242 feet) is attained, and here the monument

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to Oakes Ames, the originator of the railroad, has been erected on a natural pedestal of the granite rocks and boulders with which the plateau is covered at intervals. But there is no real pass, only a long vista of billowy, undulating prairie, above which the mountain peaks of the snow-strewn Elk range and the majestic Long's Peak appear and disappear beneath successive grassy horizons. The steep and rapid descent of two

a shanty depôt without due signals at Cheyenne, the capital of Wyoming, which was reached several hours late.

During the ensuing night the track entered the magnificent valley of the Platte rivers of Nebraska, which, in the light of a lurid dawn, presented a Dutch-like picture of rich alluvial soil and meadow flat. Prairie hens fluttered amid the tall grass, and the rounded poplar-trees were faithfully mir-



INTERIOR OF DINING-ROOM CAR.

thousand feet in thirty miles, through cañons and frequent snowsheds, was most enjoyable on the platform in the cool and invigorating air. Then came a comparatively level stretch of prairie, beyond which the red sun set swiftly. A sudden halt was followed by a backward journey for five miles to permit of the passage of a happily-detected *vis-à-vis* in the shape of a heavily-laden freight-train of iron and timber, which must have smashed us to atoms had it been encountered half an hour earlier on the curving mountain section of the road. As it was, our reckless engineer was dismissed for his breach of duty in passing through

roared in the quiet yellow waters of the island-studded Platte and its many affluents. There were evident traces of a heavy rain—the first seen for more than two months. Modest shanties and comfortable homesteads became more and more frequent, and Nebraska, like its neighbour Kansas, looked fertile, well cultivated, and prosperous. At Grand Island a good and well-served breakfast was forthcoming, and all day we journeyed on through similar scenery, the prairie getting again treeless and barren in the land of the prairie dog. The end of the Union Pacific was reached at last at Omaha, the flourishing capital of the State, and

once more crossing the mud flats and turbulent flood of the Missouri river on a splendid iron bridge, we halted at Council Bluffs, in Iowa, on the opposite shore, for the second change of cars on the transcontinental journey.

Of the three available routes to Chicago, that of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy was selected at San Francisco, but at Council Bluffs it was difficult to secure the corresponding lower berths to which through passengers are entitled. There was a very high-handed and uncivil official in the Pullman-car office, to whom all appeals were vain, but the chorus of indignant remonstrances attracted the attention of a courteous road official, who saw fit to add another sleeping-car. A dining-car was also attached, wherein all enjoyed the unwonted luxury of a well-served dinner in transit. It was the first accommodation of the kind encountered in five thousand miles of previous railroad travel. Once more on a good double track, we passed swiftly on through the fertile hill slopes of cultivated and well-timbered Iowa, and at breakfast next morning crossed the Mississippi just before reaching Burlington, the capital of the State, and, like all the rest, crowded up in the remotest eastern corner. Iowa seemed a paradise for agriculturists, but it lies in the path of the great tornadoes, which sometimes sweep away homesteads and produce in their terrible course. All day, on and on, over the short rolling hills and grand fields of the broad-leaved Indian corn and shady pasture lands, across the northern belt of the productive State of Illinois, which yielded in that year over nineteen million bushels of wheat from thirty-six of its hundred and two counties. Chicago, its great port on Lake Michigan, was reached in the afternoon, after a quick run of five hundred miles in twenty-two hours from Omaha, or, altogether, four days and three nights of continuous travel from Salt Lake City, for the most part of a very enjoyable kind.

We "struck" Chicago in a hot spell, the mercury standing at 88° throughout the night, but thunder cooled the morning air, and a lake breeze springing up, lowered the temperature with amazing rapidity. There are miles of broad and well-paved streets, tall hotels, stores, banks, and offices, solid, uniform, and apparently unending. A fellow-passenger in the Gallego kindly showed us the lions, and we duly inspected the dusty mysteries of a many-storeyed and many-windowed Noah's-Ark kind of structure—a grain elevator, which transports grain from the freight-cars at the rate of forty-two thousand bushels an hour, and discharges it from the roof down a long spout into the hold of the vessel lying alongside, one of which it can load in two hours. In the Chamber of Commerce, on La Salle Street, perspiring merchants were struggling in the pork and grain rings, without coats or hats. All was bustle and activity in spite of the heat, which made a drive in the park very acceptable. This was created with great skill on the sandy level shores of the vast inland sea, Lake Michigan, whose short, rolling, white-crested waves bore many a sail and steamer. There are wonderful city waterworks, and a system of drainage of which residents seem equally proud.

But to strangers apt to be critical they combine the disadvantages of pumping out sewage and cleansing the river into the beautiful fresh waters of the lake, fouling the pure source of the water supply, and giving rise to most noxious odours, which drift over the lake margin and fashionable park drive.

One afternoon, in Chicago, we boarded the Atlantic express on the Michigan Central, which runs along the white sandy shores of the wide lake, stretching a beautiful expanse of gleaming blue water, far beyond limit of vision, on during the night through swampy wooded lowlands, half stifled by the smoke from the wood-fed locomotive. At dawn we passed the sand dunes of the timber-logged inlets of Lake St. Clair, and crossed the Detroit river in a rail-ferry, in full view of the handsome lake-port of Detroit City, capital of the great lumber-producing State of Michigan. Then on Canadian soil through New Windsor, Paris, and New London, three thriving and well-built cities of Ontario. The smaller, neatly-fenced fields, substantial country houses, built of stone, with some pretensions to beauty, and surrounded by park-like grounds, seemed very English, as well as the railway stations, orderly platforms, and slow, burly, and rosy-faced officials, all characteristic of the province of Ontario, which differs as much from that of Quebec as both do in scenery, and the physique and manners of the inhabitants, from the American States just over the border, otherwise defined by boundary columns, or in some parts by blazed forest trees only. Beyond the prosperous city of Hamilton, lying in a picturesque amphitheatre of hills at the head of Lake Ontario, there was nothing of interest until Suspension Bridge, 513 miles and twenty-two hours from Chicago, was reached. There the train slowly traverses the double iron roadway spanning the narrow gorge, through which the River Niagara flows in a deep eddying current of foam-crowned blue water, rushing on to the Whirlpool Rapids below, to bound off a rock in mid-channel in a pillar of foam and seething turmoil of waters. To the right, two miles above, floats the tall column of mist veiling the great cataract of many waters, whose continuous roar sounds faintly above the din of the busy rail dépôt.

There, gladly profiting by the excellent rail express system, we finally got rid of the bugbear of extra luggage, dispatched it ahead to the Buckingham in New York City, and left ourselves unencumbered for a projected thousand mile trip on New York lakes and Canadian rivers. Another rapid stage of seventeen hours on the New York Central, and our fellow-passengers would end their trans-continental journey of 3,330 miles in 152 hours. But we, on the happy borderland between anticipation and realisation, entered the large-windowed cars of the short Fall line, which follows closely the winding of the river to Niagara village, and gives glimpses of THE FALLS, as they are always termed on that side the Atlantic. Again on American soil, we were soon quartered in the rambling "Cataract House," in full view and sound of the glorious rapids.

AGNES CRANE.

THE OLD MAN'S WILL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A YOUNG WIFE'S STORY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—A NEW HOME.



HOW MUCH MONEY HAS MISS BELLAIR?

NOT far from Deane Hall as the crow flies, nor far for a rough rider capable of taking a fence or two by way of making a short cut, was the small compact property where Miss Rivers resided. Called a cottage, it was really a good-sized modern house, surrounded by a large portion of garden ground. A curious name was attached to it, that of Thornybrier, given by the eccentric owner in scornful jest, because the people of the neighbourhood, in compliment to the abundant production of roses, used to call it Rosemount. Though so situated as to be considered in the country, it was also at the entrance of a market town, which it will suit our purpose to name Grenmow. Standing on a slight elevation, it commanded a fine extent of wooded land on one side, where gentlemen's seats were scattered, the white stonework contrasting well with the dark trees in one place, a tower surmounting them in another, and behind, the bracing air

swept over a large wild common, covered with brushwood, juniper-trees, and low shrubs. The dwelling turned its back upon the town, but was only separated from it by little more than a stone's throw, though apparently isolated.

Grenmow possessed a railway to and from London, but had no connection with the line that passed by Deanton, except through a long drive across country.

Two years have passed since Etta went to live with Miss Matty. At first it had been dull, dreary work; each day awaking her to the same conflict, a perpetual striving to be cheerful and active when she wanted so often to sit still and weep. Miss Rivers, at the beginning of their life together, left her much to herself; but, perceiving the difficulty the girl had to find an employment that interested her, she came to her aid, by giving her missions of charity, making Etta her almoner, and encouraging her to sift the histories and complaints of

the numerous supplicants who applied to Thornybrier for relief. These two minds, in daily contact, acted beneficially upon each other. Remembering Merry's many well-meant hints, the elder took pains to make her home and company agreeable; and the younger, feeling that the other frequently made the sacrifice of her personal tastes on her account, repaid the kindness in many little ways, which soon laid the foundation of a real affection. Occasionally Etta visited her friend Ethel, but Woodbridge Hill had not the charm of former days. It no longer interested her as a model. With Deane Hall the mania for changes and improvements passed away, or perhaps the youthful spirit that had projected them was prematurely sobered. The authority she might have exercised at Thornybrier she never exerted; on the contrary, her chief pleasure seemed to consist in consulting Miss Matty, and carrying out her wishes rather than forming any of her own.

In spring and summer the greater part of the day was spent by Miss Matty in her garden, directing if not working, and Etta soon learned to be of great use to her. Whatever she undertook she tried to do thoroughly, and set about it with intelligence and zeal, as if it were the one thing she had to do. Now, indeed, could she have become the Lady Bountiful of the district, and realised many of her former dreams, had she so desired; but they had vanished into air, leaving in their place the reasonable device of taking up the duty that lay immediately in her path.

With regard to circumstances Etta was independent. Mr. Reade had left her £4,000 in the Consols; and Harold, instigated by Mr. Nash, had settled upon her £200 per annum. This she at first refused, and she yielded only when almost forced to do so by the united efforts of the lawyer and Miss Matty.

"How much money has Miss Bellair?" she inquired of Miss Matty one day, as they were sitting together.

"About £6,000 a year, with the prospect of doubling it by-and-by. Why do you ask?"

"Curiosity," murmured Etta, bending over her work. If Miss Matty guessed at any other motive she never betrayed her suspicions.

The two continued to live in undisturbed harmony, each striving to forestall the other's wishes whenever the opportunity served. And so the seasons had gone on—spring, with its newly-budding life, with its sweet violets and meek-eyed primroses; summer, with its roses and nameless other charms; the autumn and winter, too, in their course; and through all Etta, resolving not to be unhappy, laid out her life upon the principle of being useful, running about from cottage to cottage on errand after errand, helping with her purse or cheering with kind words. When with Miss Matty, she shared her labours out of doors, or assisted her within. She read aloud her favourite books, wound her wools, finished off the work requiring a finer eyesight, carried it to its destination, and turned out the most amiable and gentlest of companions. With all her critical acumen, Miss Matty, after the first few weeks of

Etta's life at Thornybrier, had no fault to find with her. The way in which she bore up under the loss of Deane Hall excited her admiration. Expecting weeping and lamentation, she was surprised to find a quiet acquiescence in her lot. Not a murmur escaped the girl, not a word that could be construed into a reflection upon any one. But Etta was not altogether open with Miss Rivers. Thoughts and feelings that she could never dream of sharing with her, rose and nestled in her heart, and these were kept for lonely moments, when the outer life is still, and the unbroken, complete liberty that only solitude can give is enjoyed without interruption.

When we sorrow it is in the dark hours of the night that we suffer most. When God's curtain is drawn over the bright and joyous world which has beguiled us into smiles against our will, we are often revealed to ourselves as we are not in the garish light of day. Etta often sat at her window, soothed by the stars, when Miss Matty thought she was in bed. She had no sweet hopes folded next to her heart to be realised some future day, as many maidens have even when the present is overcast. She had only regret for the past, and a vehement, though hopeless, longing to have her chances over again, because she had discovered that Ernest Rivers was more to her than all the world besides. How and when the feeling took its rise she could not tell; all she knew was that it existed, and that she had made the discovery too late. The knowledge that she loved came to her in bitterness, and not as it usually does to the young, in joy, with rosy tints and golden hues.

Ernest had never been to see them at Thornybrier. A few letters had passed between him and his aunt at rare intervals, giving meagre accounts of his life and occupations, which were not of a very cheerful character. About six months ago he wrote word that he had accepted an appointment which would enable him to travel, and expected to be absent two or three years. A little later came another letter to say that he was on the eve of starting. An additional line, hoping that Miss Lacy was happy in her new life, showed that she was not forgotten, and that was all.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—JACK AGAIN, AND IN COMPANY.

AT prolonged intervals Etta went on a visit to her friend Ethel, and the time came when she was invited to be present at the most important event of a woman's life. Miss Dawson was going to be married, and Etta was to be one of the bridesmaids. The marriage took place one bright day in April, when the soft air blew sweetly over the meadows, rich with the perfume of the ripening grasses and the springing corn.

Etta bore her part well. It was Ethel's wedding-day, and she determined that no grave thoughts of her own should mar it, and so she surprised the guests by flitting hither and thither, distributing happiness with a placid demeanour, just as if the current of her own life had never been disturbed, or only by a few ripples on the surface. Many pitied her for the loss of fortune,

some for her altered position, and there were not wanting others, true optimists, who predicted that all would turn out well in the end, and that she would be Mrs. Rivers of Deane Hall after all.

During her short life Etta had gone through a few *désillusions*. There was yet another awaiting her return to Thornybrier; the peaceful relations that had so long subsisted between her and Miss Matty seemed inexplicably changed.

She gave her no word of welcome on her arrival, and made short, snappish answers to all inquiries. Everything apparently had gone wrong. The night frost had destroyed some valuable plants, brought too forward by the recent mild weather. Abraham had cut his hand severely, one of the cows had died, and last, not least, Harold had been there, throwing on her the weight of his troubles as if she had not enough of her own. The ruggedness of their early acquaintance had all at once come back. What had caused this revolution? What had so suddenly blighted the kind consideration she had for two years experienced—the affectionate solicitude, based, as she supposed, on a mutual regard, that had rendered her life as happy as she ever expected it to be again?

"Aunt Matty, Aunt Matty, what is the matter? what has happened?" asked Etta, anxiously. "I was so glad to come home again, but you do not appear to care to see me."

"Yes, child, I care more to see you come back than go away. You know that weddings are not very interesting to me. I suppose it was the old story, the bride very pretty, the bridesmaids charming, and the bridegroom something else. The same nonsense a hundred times repeated. It will be your turn next."

"Mine!" Etta shook her head with a significant smile. "You know better, Aunt Matty. Is it not settled that I am to live always with you?"

The prospect evidently did not now meet with Miss Rivers's approbation. Fixing her grey eyes upon the girl for a second or two, she withdrew them with a dissatisfied "Humph!" took off her spectacles, rubbed them slowly, put them on again, but only to go through the same process.

The truth was, she was ill at ease, divided in her judgment. In her simplicity she had regarded Harold's frequent visits as nephew-like attentions to herself, tokens that some of the hard selfish crust obscuring his better qualities was falling away. During Etta's absence the enlightenment had come. He wanted Etta Lacy for a wife, and his aunt's influence to win her. She pleased him personally, and besides that, Jack was always asking him to fetch her back, powerful reasons in his eyes, and he thought that Miss Matty's persuasions, backed by Deane Hall in the distance, must ultimately succeed.

Miss Rivers shrunk from the part assigned her; but Harold urged it would be a turning-point in his life; and she, forgetting all that had passed before, finally came to the conclusion that such an event might not be bad for Etta, and certainly would be good both for her nephew and his boy. In truth, her temperament unfitted her for judgment on such a subject.

"Aunt Matty, Aunt Matty, what is the matter? Are you tired of me? Do you wish to get rid of me?" asked Etta, bewildered by her oddness, having tried in vain to please her.

"No, child, no; but some one else wishes to take you."

Etta was standing where the rich light of the westering sun fell like a crown of gold upon her head, and as at this unlooked-for disclosure the colour rushed to her cheeks, while her eyes opened wide with inquiry, she made a picture that an artist might have been glad to transfer to canvas.

"Who?" she questioned, and waited all expectation for the answer.

"Harold."

The name crushed her eagerness in an instant. By the sudden movement she made when thus startled, the light resting like an aureole about her head gave place to an ominous shadow. But the fact was not new to her, Harold having already pleaded his own cause as a lonely man whom she might render happy, and also that of his son, whom she might help him to bring up creditably to the family. To his suit she had hitherto given an emphatic denial; it cut her to the heart to hear it again laid before her by Miss Matty.

"I will find another home if you wish it," she answered, with tears, in her quivering voice, "but I cannot marry your nephew Harold."

The same words she had once uttered with reference to Ernest, and now— Her infirmity of purpose struck her with dismay. Such had been her language on another occasion, and now the nephew then rejected was dearer than all else in the world.

"Send me away if you please, but do not urge me to take a step so hateful. Be your example mine. It is not necessary to marry. You should be the last to try and persuade me."

"My dear Etta," said Miss Matty, with new-born compunction, "I do not understand you at all, but if the subject is disagreeable we will say no more about it." And she resumed the knitting which had lain in her lap during the last few minutes, and with it her equanimity, as if it had never been disturbed.

Etta, on the contrary, though apparently pacified, retained a strange sense of unrest and insecurity in addition to a sorrowful anxiety that could not be reasoned away.

The old friendship once re-established between them, Miss Matty was careful not to have it again shaken. Observant of Etta's tastes and wishes, she testified a consistent solicitude for her happiness, and put herself out to compass it with a self-abnegation she had never before been known to exhibit. Had the young girl desired the distinction she might have been absolute ruler in the household. But Etta was no longer ambitious of dignity, she only wanted to be let alone, or rather suffered to go her own way, which was eminently an unselfish one, if exertion solely for the benefit of others is allowed to be the criterion.

Investigation into motives is invidious. Granted, however, that the spring of action takes its rise in disappointment, the outflow into good and kindly services towards our fellow-creatures indicates a

higher nature than the morbid stagnation of every quality that does not directly revolve about our own personality. The daily revelations of character, unlooked for as well as striking, raised Etta in Miss Matty's estimation, awakening a respect she had never supposed it possible to feel. She also did her best to defend the girl against Harold. Though failing to obtain from him a promise to renounce his suit, she forbade all approach to persecution, and maintained Etta's right to please herself.

The year passed without any particular event to mark it. Harold was diplomatic. He kept his object in mind by frequent visits, sometimes with Jack and sometimes without him, and, in his aunt's eyes, grew more humanised if not polished every time he came. Another change for the better was made by sending Jack to school. Christmas came round, bringing an invitation to Deane Hall, or what Etta termed a choice of evils, the proposition for Harold and Jack to spend it at Thornybrier.

"Which shall it be, Etta?" asked Miss Matty.

"Oh, go to him," was the instant answer.

"What day shall I fix? I know you have some preparations to make for your poor people; what day will suit you best?"

"I never thought of going myself," replied Etta, demurely.

"But, Etta, I could not leave you here alone."

"Why not? I should be happy enough, or, if you like it better, I could go to Ethel. The Fortescues would be glad to see me."

This proposal settled the question. Miss Matty invited her nephew to Thornybrier, and Etta, submitting to necessity, found consolation in the persuasion that his stay would be short, there being little in their mode of life to interest so restless a spirit as that of Harold.

It still wanted a few days to Christmas when, one cold morning, wrapped in furs and mufflers, Etta started to make her purchases for the poor she usually patronised at this season. A few yards from the house she saw the postman; he was just turning in another direction, but stopped on seeing her, saying, "Two letters for the missus."

The leaden sky was threatening snow, and Etta was hurrying to execute her commissions. She opened her basket, into which the man dropped the letters and went on his way, neither thinking nor caring that he had infringed one of the principal rules of his calling. Equally unconscious, Etta tripped along, giving a word of salutation here, an order there, and finally pulled up at the grocer's who generally supplied the packets of tea and sugar on these occasions. There were children also to be thought of. Purchasing barley-sugar and other sweets for distribution, she presented her basket for their reception. One of the forgotten letters lay at the bottom, address uppermost. A glance sufficed to change the whole current of her thought.

"Send everything to the house," she managed to articulate, and hurried away, leaving the bewildered serving-man to guess her orders as well as he could.

"Two letters, Aunt Matty, and one from Ernest, with an English postmark," she cried, on reaching the door, whence she could be heard.

But her eagerness was destined to be tried. Miss Matty's spectacles were mislaid, and had to be found, next well rubbed, and then carefully adjusted upon the nose—to Etta, interminable operations. At length all was right, and the letter was read:

"DEAR AUNT,—Being in England for a short time, I shall take the opportunity of running down to Thornybrier to see how you are. I purpose being with you on the 23rd inst., and return the following day, having promised to spend Christmas with my mother.

"Your affectionate nephew,
"ERNEST RIVERS."

And this was the 21st! Oh, if only he had been coming a day earlier! thought Etta, there would not have been so much chance of having the visit spoilt by the presence of Harold. The possibility of the two cousins meeting produced no little anxiety. They had parted in enmity on Harold's side, not in friendship on Ernest's—what if they met again in the same spirit, and the hours, which might be so pleasant, were passed in bickerings or restraint?

The morning of the 23rd brought no intimation from Harold of the day he intended to arrive; so far all was well. But Etta had some private cares, quite novel to her temperament. The image reflected in her glass was not the Etta she was accustomed to behold. A sleepless night had left its traces in heavy leaden eyes. She rubbed her cheeks to produce a little warm colouring, and took up the railway-guide. Three trains ran daily between London and Thornybrier. The first was out of the question, unless Ernest happened to be in London the night before, or else rose very early. The next came about the middle of the day, and started early also; it was a slow train, and rarely brought visitors to Grenmow. There remained the third, which arrived a little before four, and by this he would most likely travel.

However long the hours of waiting may appear, they contain but sixty minutes each, and pass in the end, whether watched with patience or undue solicitude. After seeing that all her orders had been executed, Miss Matty sat down complacently to her knitting, while the younger maiden wandered from room to room and window to window with no other result than dimming the glass with fruitless efforts to see a little farther. All the same, time went on—three o'clock struck, next the half-hour, and, after an almost interminable period, came the long-desired four strokes. The last had scarcely died away when the sound was succeeded by another—the opening of the front door, and a man's voice. Mastered by an emotion she could not restrain, Etta sank into the nearest chair, and fixed her eyes upon the doorway. Another second and in bounded Jack, followed by his father; and Etta drooped her head, confused and disconcerted; while Jack, who respected no one's embarrassment, and never per-

mitted her to avoid his embraces, hung over her with noisy delight.

Harold had scarcely placed himself so as best to monopolise her attention when there came another sound of wheels, this time quickly succeeded by the opening and closing of the front door. Miss Matty had only time to say they were expecting Ernest for one night, and that he had just returned to England, when the young man appeared. Surprise or some other feeling enchaind him for a moment in the doorway, from whence he surveyed the group, and then walked straight up to his aunt.

Vexed at things having gone so contrary to her wishes, Etta showed her discomposure by rising and sitting down again as quickly, but found it impossible to utter a word of welcome. Before Ernest could reach her he must pass both Harold and Jack. Turning from his aunt, his swift glance encountered those of his cousins. Harold rose, shook hands, and presented his son, while Etta, distressed, disappointed, and annoyed beyond measure at a meeting so different from the one she had imagined possible, sat still, fastened to her seat by an irrational shyness.

"I need not ask if you are well," said Ernest, as the rising colour on her cheeks lent a new brightness to her eyes. She was, of course, quite well, and neither of them having apparently anything especial to add, Ernest returned to his aunt, addressing his conversation to her, in which Etta was prevented joining by the loquacity of her two companions, who acted as if they had the right to engross her attention.

A change of position on the arrival of the lamp effected no material improvement. Harold followed her to the table, and began unceremoniously to examine the ornamental contents of her work-box. With impatience she did not care to hide, Etta took away the box and placed it on the other side of her, where it fell into the clutches of Jack, who soon managed to scatter every article on the floor, Ernest watching the little fellow's ways all the while with a countenance so grave and imperturbable that she could not flatter herself with having had any part in his visit.

Throughout the dinner Harold pursued the same course. With himself on one side of Etta and Jack on the other, it was easy to keep her to themselves, leaving Ernest to entertain his aunt, an arrangement very distasteful to Etta. Fretted at first, she merely gave monosyllabic replies to what was said, appearing listless and uninterested until a small voice whispered in her ear, "Please, cut my meat for me." An explanation from Harold that Jack suffered a good deal of pain, and could only use his right arm with difficulty, in consequence of a kick he had received from a horse, drew forth her compassion and changed her mood. Thoroughness being one of her principal characteristics, she now attended to him with patience and kindness, accompanying her tender help with the lectures and reprimands of a privileged friend, all which the child took in good part, with his round, black eyes fixed upon her, without any of their habitual fierceness of expression.

When the urn was brought in Etta made the

tea as usual, and, to Ernest's confusion, carried a cup in each hand to him and Miss Matty, an attention not repeated to Harold, who had to fetch his for himself. Several times she made an effort to join in their conversation, but was as often prevented by some uninteresting question from Harold, who kept her apart and detached from the others throughout the evening.

When finally she set down her light on her dressing-table at the end of the day it was with a feeling of passionate revolt against Ernest and his visit to Thornybrier. Why had he come? To her he had brought only pain by opening afresh the sources of regret she had striven so long and earnestly to close. He had marred the little good she had so laboriously gained, making her sensible of defeat when victory was all-important, for these reminiscences must be shut out from her life if it were ever again to be passed in tranquillity.

An eager desire to talk to him once more, to act as if he were indeed the friend he professed to be, had been altogether frustrated, intentionally, she knew, on the part of Harold, and without an effort to prevent it on that of Ernest. Perhaps this undisturbed equanimity was his idea of friendship. If so, good sense must forbid her taking it to heart, though it was powerless to reconcile her to the fact that she, who had once been his affianced wife, was now of so little account in his eyes that he could spend hours in her society with scarcely the exchange of a word.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—PARTING WORDS.

SOON after breakfast was over, Ernest talked of leaving; he wished to take the first train to town, having business to transact in London.

"It was hardly worth while to come for so short a time," said Etta, disappointment and pique compelling the ungracious words, the discourtesy of which she only perceived when Miss Matty replied,

"But I am very glad to see him; remember the homely adage, 'Half a loaf is better than no bread.'"

"And, besides, the chief object of my visit is attained," added Ernest.

What that might be did not appear, though something in the intonation of his voice indicated that his coming was more than an ordinary compliment to his aunt. However, the object, if object there were, did not transpire, and before long Ernest came down with a small bag in his hand, prepared to walk to the station.

Harold and Jack were lounging in the hall, but no one offered to accompany him. On hearing his voice Miss Matty went towards the door; Etta remained behind, standing by the window, determined, if possible, to secure a parting word out of Harold's presence.

Soon came the sound for which she was waiting—"Good-bye, Aunt Matty; where is Miss Lacy?"

She hesitated about going forward; the door being open she could see Harold hanging idly about, and that kept her back. The next minute Ernest came swiftly towards her, saying,

"My chief object in coming to Thornybrier on this occasion was to ascertain personally if you were happy in your life here with Aunt Matty. I am glad to find that it is so."

"Yes, very happy," she answered, not rightly knowing what she said, but only that a reply was expected, and scarcely raising her drooping eyes to the kind ones that were looking down upon her. He had taken her hand and held it while speaking. As he let it go with a murmured "Good-bye, I wish you may continue so with all my heart," the colour that had rushed to her cheeks at his first approach was speedily replaced by a deadly pallor, and her faltering lips could not articulate the response they tried to frame.

"Oh, Ernest, be my friend still; I have sore need of one, and you promised me—" she tried to say, stretching out her hand as if to detain him, but no sound proceeded from those quivering muscles, and the movement was unseen as Ernest hurried away. She heard voices in the hall, quick short farewells, and then the great door closed with a bang, and life went on as before!

Harold and Jack and Miss Matty severally claimed her attention, and she had to learn the costly art that turns many a gentle spirit into a heroine—the self-abnegation that knows how to stifle personal regrets and live the lives of others.

The two saw a good deal of Harold; of Ernest nothing more. About once in six months Mrs. Henry Rivers broke the long silence by writing a few lines to Miss Matty containing more information about her own health than tidings of her son. And these being duly answered the correspondence ceased for another long period.

Harold's visits increased in frequency as time went by, and his attentions became an infliction which it was difficult to avoid. It must be said for him that his continued intercourse with the inhabitants of Thornybrier had softened his manners; his sense of possession had removed all occasions of irritable self-assertion; but there was no sign of true feeling as to the past, no regret for a misspent youth, nor any promising indication of a nobler manhood. Between Etta and Jack there was a stronger bond. Her gentleness seemed to have vanquished the child's rudeness. His docility in her presence, his passionate sorrow on incurring her displeasure, his eager promises of amendment, broken only because, as he said, she would not come and help him, begot an interest that went far to save her life from a continuous monotony. And yet there was one subject she could not contemplate, one barrier she could not overleap. She revolted at Harold's wishes dawned more clearly upon her. The idea of being mistress of Deane Hall in any new relationship filled her with shame and loathing.

It was early in August. The glories of the summer were yet undimmed, flowers shed their fragrance in the air, vocal all day with the hum and gladness of insect life. The breath of evening sweeter still, laden with the odour of ripening fruit and night-scented shrubs, brought a certain happiness even to Etta, for Thornybrier was a pretty spot, and healthy too. Say what we

will, our material surroundings affect our inward feelings, and, by inhaling continually the pure breeze that has swept over miles of heath and thyme, the spirit learns at last to exchange depression for elasticity.

Harold was going to Scotland for grouse-shooting, and would perhaps finish up with salmon-fishing in Ireland, and then return for the hunting.

He came one morning to say "good-bye," and went away in high spirits.

Returning home a few days afterwards, Etta fell in with their vicar, Mr. Ramsden, walking quickly, as was his wont, the tails of his long coat flying behind him, and firing off his words as he went.

"The school feast the day after to-morrow, Miss Lacy, if fine. We rely upon you—"

"No, friends, I hope, travelling northwards," he cried, over his shoulder, looking back. "A sad accident last night. The Flying Scotchman ran into a slow train and smashed it all to pieces!"

"The Flying Scotchman!" repeated Etta, in some trepidation. "Was it going or coming?"

"Going. No friends in it, I hope?" he added, slackening his pace for her to come up with him.

"Not that I know of."

"Glad to hear it. The other was the sufferer, of course—the impinged, not the impinger, you know. No particulars have yet been received. We shall hear them soon enough; ill-news flies apace."

With this sententious conclusion he hurried on, intent on making the school feast known among his parishioners, and Etta continued her way home.

This intelligence caused great uneasiness at Thornybrier, the more so as nothing certain could be gathered from any source. No one knew whether Harold had started, or even what route he would take. The papers next day gave but imperfect information. There had been many killed and many maimed.

"I must send Abraham over to the Hall at once," said Miss Matty, "to inquire what day Harold left."

The information came, however, from another quarter. It had been Harold's one gracious act on taking possession of the property to retain Merry, and he had accompanied his master to the north. A letter arrived from him, dated from A—, the scene of the disaster, and told a dreary tale. Harold and his son were among the sufferers. Jack was much hurt, though still alive, but his father, after lingering a few hours, had died of concussion of the brain. Merry was arranging for the transmission of the body to Deane Hall, and asked if Jack, when able to be moved, should be taken there or brought to Thornybrier to be nursed. A telegram was quickly dispatched—"To Thornybrier, if possible."

So swiftly sometimes fall the greatest changes of life.

CHAPTER XL.—RE-OPENING OF THE FAMILY VAULT.

AFTER the lapse of four years and a half the family vault was again opened to receive

another Rivers, not much more regretted than his predecessor. In one sense Harold had not been a bad squire; he rode hard, supported the hounds, and, to congenial spirits, was not bad company. But his popularity had been of a superficial nature. He left no blank in the home where he had lived nor any to sorrow for him, for the poor crushed lad that lay dying at Thornybrier was generally too suffering to be conscious of anything besides bodily pain. Aunt Matty must have felt some regret, but she kept it to herself, and lavished all the care and tenderness of which she was capable upon Jack. Etta was overawed with the dark shadows that seemed for ever falling across her path. In a spirit of self-discipline she had long ceased to do more than take up her daily duties, and her present task was a hard one.

Hour after hour, especially in the night watches, she sat by the little fellow's pillow, partly to save Miss Matty and partly because he appeared easier when she was near. At one time it was thought that he would live, and remain a cripple for life. A great London surgeon who came to see him said it was possible. And so the days as they glided by were gilded with a little hopefulness, but nevertheless the child continued to decline. The fiery passion which in health had rendered him almost unmanageable, was now transmuted into a stolid patience. But all the same, the young face grew more and more wan and weary.

One evening when Jack was less restless than ordinary, Etta left his couch and sat by the window, hoping that when she was out of his sight he might fall asleep.

It was a calm and lovely autumn night, when the dewy-scented ground refreshed the air, making it sweet and cool, and the stars in their deep-blue setting seemed to be telling forth anew their glorious tale of wonder and mystery. Far back in the past eternity they had begun to shine, and would continue to do so when all here below had changed or passed away.

Etta's heart was full; the peace of the night touched her with its hallowing influence, and seemed to bring her very near the spiritual world. The child had fallen asleep. She gently kissed the little wasted face, and stole noiselessly away, sending the nurse to replace her, intending to return after a few hours' rest. The end was nearer than any one imagined. Before morning Jack had joined his father, and left a deeper void in Thornybrier than any one could have anticipated.

The chief sorrow fell upon Etta. Mentally and physically, her energies having been devoted to him for so long, the blank was proportionately great. The boy was buried beside Harold in the village churchyard of Deane.

* * * * *

Some months elapsed before the new proprietor of Deane Hall was in possession. He was abroad at the time of his cousin's death, and did not hear of it till long afterwards, his exact whereabouts not being known. When the intelligence ultimately reached him, the arrangements necessary to facilitate his return delayed him some weeks

more. The middle of January found Ernest in England, established in his own house, unless indeed a will, giving it to another, should turn up at last. So many changes had already occurred in the ownership of the place that a true restful home for him seemed too strange to be easily realised. When really persuaded of the fact, his first thoughts were directed to Etta. In the strange entanglement of circumstances he had abandoned all hope of ever winning her as his wife, though he was conscious of an ever-growing respect and deepening regard. Now that he was secured in a position where he could offer her a home, he was held back by doubt as to her feeling. One thing *must* be done. He would consult with Mr. Nash how best to make her a partaker of his prosperity in the way of an addition to her income. The result was a communication from the lawyer that she would be henceforth entitled to an extra £500 a year from the estate. This, to the surprise of all parties, she decidedly and vehemently refused.

A letter from Ernest, entreating her to permit him to do so simple an act of justice, met with the same response. She had, she wrote, more than enough for all her wants, and, while appreciating his kindness, she must be allowed to consult her own feelings. Courteous as was the letter, there was something in it that jarred, either in what was said or left unsaid, and the young man determined to go to Thornybrier and try the effect of his personal representations as soon as his engagements permitted.

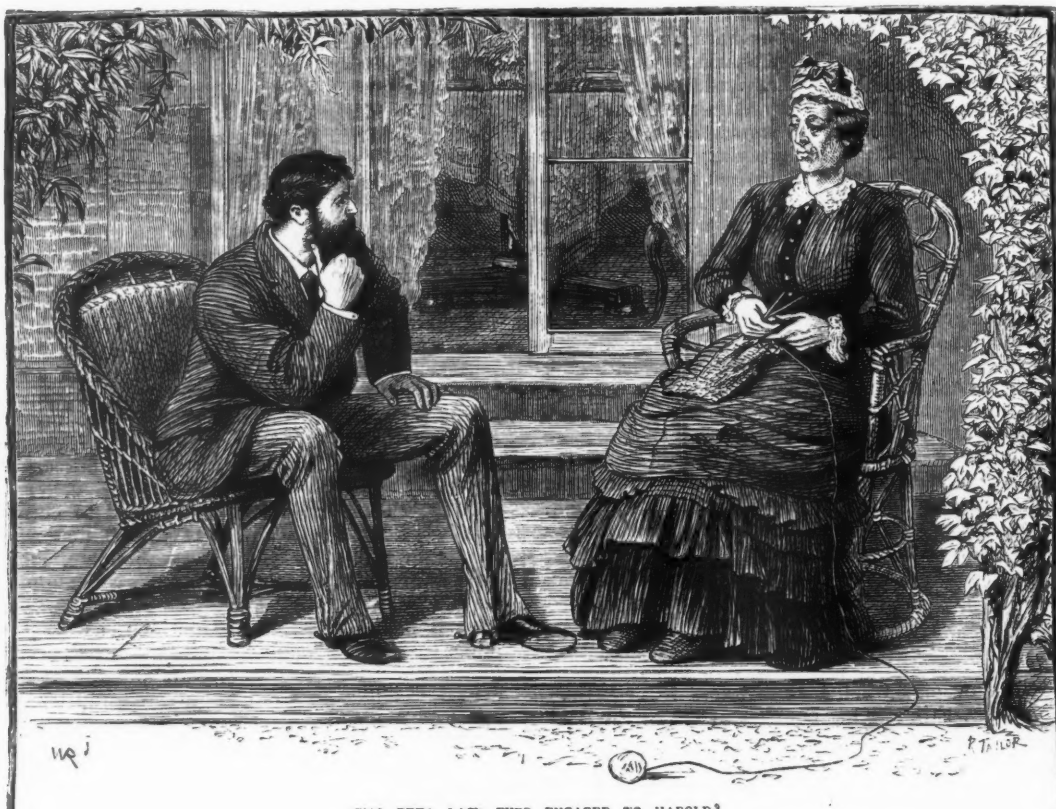
And so one day, towards the middle of April, he found himself standing on the lawn of Thornybrier, contemplating the small person of Etta Lacy with the same curiosity with which he had regarded her a few years ago when summoned for the first time to stay with his uncle. She was throwing bread to some birds, talking to them all the while, unconscious of either a listener or an observer. Contrasting her now with what she was when they first met he was aware of a difference. There was the same delicacy of feature and grace of movement as before, but it was also evident that a sobering influence had been at work, effacing the childish assumption he had thought so piquant.

Turning round, Etta unexpectedly encountered him, so bearded and bronzed as to be hardly recognisable.

"I left London early this morning," said Ernest, coming abruptly and nervously to his main object, "for the express purpose of seeing you, hoping to prevail on you to change a resolution very painful to me; I refer to your letter."

"Oh, that is unalterable," replied Etta, quickly, the look of pleasure that had for a moment lighted up her face dying out again; "nevertheless, I am glad of this opportunity of thanking you, and begging you will continue to show me the same kindness in suffering the subject to drop between us for ever. I have already more than I want."

"Possibly, but will you not manifest some consideration for me, and let me feel that you are a sharer in the property in which you certainly have some interest?"



WAS ETTA LACY EVER ENGAGED TO HAROLD?

With an angry glance she deprecated his selfish persistence in a proposal so distasteful, adding, with impetuosity, "By your advice I consented to receive a portion out of the Deane estate from Harold; ask me not to undergo the same humiliation from you."

Cutting short the interview by walking towards the house, she continued, in a tone intended to be unruffled, "Aunt Matty will be so glad to see you."

At the door Etta stopped and spoke again, looking straight before her.

"I really thank you and appreciate your generosity. Perhaps it is I rather than you who deserve to be called selfish, but I cannot change my mind. With all my heart I wish you years of happiness in your new home."

CHAPTER XLII.—THE TANGLED SKEIN UNRAVELLED.

WE will take one more view of Deane Hall, now in its summer beauty. Though little had been substantially changed, there were some signs of taste and improvement, foreshadowing in part its future capabilities. Roses and other flowers abounded where their culture had hitherto been scant; but were it otherwise, the noble trees with the hot sun playing through their

richly-leaved branches, and casting a refreshing shade upon the daisied turf and scented grass, would have had a loveliness of their own on this bright June morning. Beneath the shelter of one of the wide-spreading elms peculiar to the place, Mrs. Rivers paced up and down, leaning on her son's arm, discoursing earnestly it would seem from her manner. She was urging him to give a mistress to the Hall, her own health being unequal to the cares of the household, and the mistress she desired was her faithful friend and niece, Lucy Bellair.

Ernest listened like a dutiful son, and promised the subject his best consideration. It was not new to him, as we know, but each time he thought of it one image rose before him. It was not that of Lucy Bellair. Yet this other one, report said, had been affianced to his cousin Harold, and that made him pause. Could it be possible? To be engaged to Harold she must have loved him or his inheritance; she must have been utterly false to her earlier professions, or she must have been the creature merely of shallow impulses.

"Was Miss Lacy ever engaged to my cousin Harold?" he asked one evening of Merry, his devoted attendant. "There are different stories abroad, and I know not which to believe."

"Mr. Harold used to tell Master Jack that he

would soon bring her back to the Hall, but she never came. It must have been for three years or more that he talked of it. Any way, she was in no hurry to come," answered Merry, with a twinkling eye. "Myself, I never believed it."

Ernest left home the following day, and this time he rode direct to Thornybrier, committing his horse into Abraham's care on his arrival, with the intimation that he was to be stabled for the night.

Tired with the morning's work among her flowers, Miss Matty sat in the verandah knitting and dozing, when she was startled by the sound of heavier footsteps than she was accustomed to hear.

"Asleep, aunt! I am sorry to have disturbed you."

Of course Miss Rivers was not disturbed, and had not been sleeping. No one ever does sleep in the daytime, even when caught in the act; she was only thinking.

"Where is Miss Lacy?" inquired Ernest, after a little conversation, for though her work was lying about she did not appear.

"On the common with her friend Mrs. Fortescue, who is staying with us. They are only just gone out, you can easily overtake them."

But the young man seemed in no haste to accept the implied invitation. On the contrary, drawing a chair near his aunt, he showed a decided inclination to converse. Topics, however, failed after a while, and they both relapsed into a dreamy silence, natural enough, considering that each had borne the heat of the day, and was feeling its effects. Suddenly Miss Matty was startled out of the pleasing languor creeping upon her by the unexpected question, "Was Etta Lacy ever engaged to Harold?"

"Engaged!—engaged! I hardly know what the word means," she answered, sharply, yet inwardly conscious that not only the idea was not new to her, but that she had so far departed from her character as to tolerate Harold in his pursuit of Etta. "But, after all, what does it matter to you?"

"It matters greatly," returned Ernest, with warmth. "I would know whether the report is true or false, and if the former whether it was Harold or Deane Hall that she was disposed to wed."

He spoke with a bitterness that did not pass unobserved.

"Well, it was not Deane Hall, I can tell you as much as that," replied Miss Rivers, a little maliciously. "She once told me that she hated every stone and particle of it, even the very name."

"Then it was Harold himself?"

"Go and ask her, for never more will I be tempted to interfere in matters I do not understand."

Unable to extract further information from his aunt, and perhaps not caring to seek it, he rose,

expressing his willingness to follow her advice and join the ladies on the common.

On the rising ground, in partial shade, seated on a fallen trunk amidst the juniper bushes that dotted the ground, Etta and her companion were indolently enjoying each other's company. The air, blowing softly over a plantation of tall trees close by, roused them from time to time into little spurts of conversation, grave or gay, as the mood changed within them.

"Don't tease me, Ethel. It is quite true I have long hated even the very name of Deane Hall," Etta was saying, when a shadow, cast by neither tree nor shrub, fell on the ground before them. It was that of the master of the Hall in person, the soft turf having permitted no sound of footsteps to herald his approach.

"May I sit down?" he asked, finding them so disconcerted by his sudden appearance as to forget to offer him the courtesy of a seat.

Prompted by his request, Etta introduced him to Mrs. Fortescue, who, finding that her friend hesitated, made way for him beside her. Etta put on her hat, which she had been swinging to and fro, and busied herself with tying and untying the strings more than in entertaining her visitor, who was left chiefly to the care of Mrs. Fortescue. When it was time to go in, they descended the hilly road, Etta scrambling heedlessly on, a little apart from the other two, and now and then inconvenienced by the low, prickly bushes she took no pains to avoid. On reaching home Mrs. Fortescue strayed away to gather flowers.

"May I take advantage of this opportunity—" said Ernest, indicating a retired walk whither he was intentionally directing their steps. "I should be glad to ask a question, with your permission."

The little face turned very pale and then red, and then settled into a wistful, anxious expression painful to witness. The mouth trembled in spite of the tightness with which the lips were drawn together, and her eyes were fastened on the ground. A conflict so deep and real was being carried on internally that Ernest felt himself answered before he had time to unfold his full meaning.

"Etta," he continued, softly, "you have never claimed the friendship I offered some four years ago. I was more capable of fulfilling its duties then than I am now. My return has naturally brought back the old times, and your image so haunts me that it must be exorcised in one way or another."

Etta covered her face with her hands in shame at the reminiscences his words evoked.

"Etta, Etta," he said, "do not distress yourself. If in coming here to-day I put my own happiness first, it is not my intention to be unmindful of yours. If there exists in your heart the smallest degree of tenderness towards me, do not grudge me the joy of knowing it."

With gentle violence he removed her hands, and then, defenceless and abashed, she hid her face upon his arm.

SOME OF THE MEN OF THE GREAT REFORM BILL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEMORABLE SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."

II.



THREE TORY SECRETARIES.

Stanley.

Peel.

Graham.

THE time is so long since that it can only be interesting to recall the leaders in that great strife. It ought to be always remembered with emotions of pride that many of those noblemen and gentlemen who were most anxious to extend popular rights were men who seemed to have little to gain or to serve beyond their sense of justice and their desire to give stability to the constitution.

The fearful prophecies of the dreadful results which would inevitably follow from the impending calamity read strangely now. It was in the year 1832 that the "Quarterly Review" published an elaborate paper, comparing what it called the Revolutions of 1640 and 1830, in which it said, "It will be found that the variations are such as must increase our apprehensions and alarm, that the progress of the Revolution may probably be more rapid, and the issue, if possible, more fatal than it was in the days of Charles and of Cromwell." And when it was said of Earl Grey that rather than desert his principles—meaning the

measure for reform—he would die in a ditch, it went on to quote with evident gusto the prophecy, "that probably that would be his fate." Sydney Smith, in his usual tone of jocularly, referring to the fruitlessness of the determined resistance of the House of Lords to the Reform Bill, a House, however, in which he had some especial friendships, such as that of the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Holland, the Duke of Bedford, and many others, said, in a passage that became almost proverbial: "I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of Reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm at Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town; the tide rose to an incredible height, and the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house

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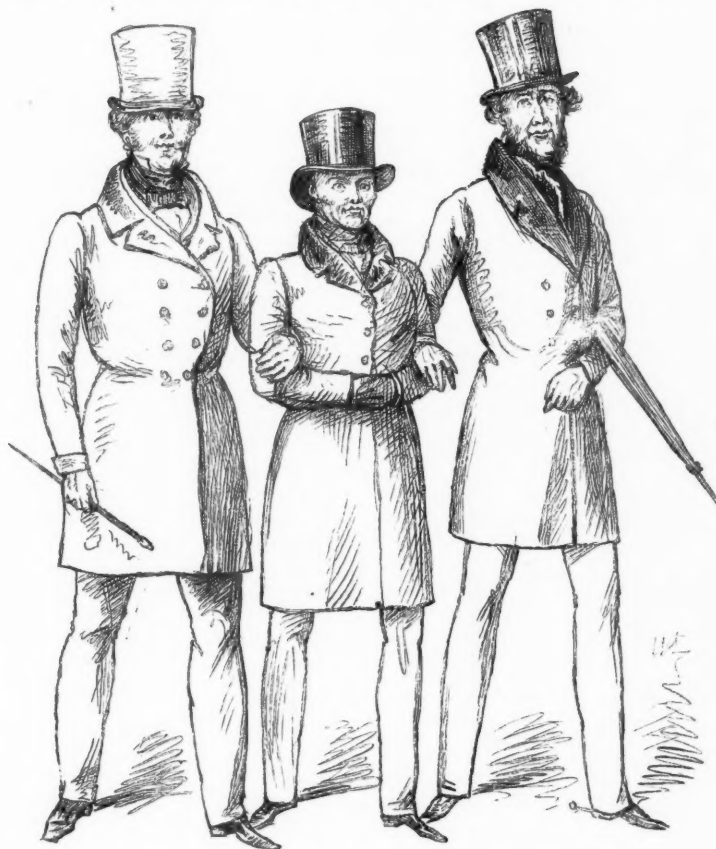
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with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused, Mrs. Partington's spirit was up, but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease, be quiet and steady; you will beat Mrs. Partington!"

According to some prophetic alarmists, England

which gave especial intensity to the mind of the nation; the nation was seething. It is quite impossible for one born within this present generation to realise distinctly the fervid state of feeling then. It is all bygone history now, and not an echo of political difference is ever heard about that epoch. No one denies that the great leaders who had but recently passed away had no hold upon the affections of the people—even if, as in the case of George Canning, their genius commanded respect. The last king, George IV, had been



Palmerston.

Russell.

Normanby.

THREE WHIG SECRETARIES.

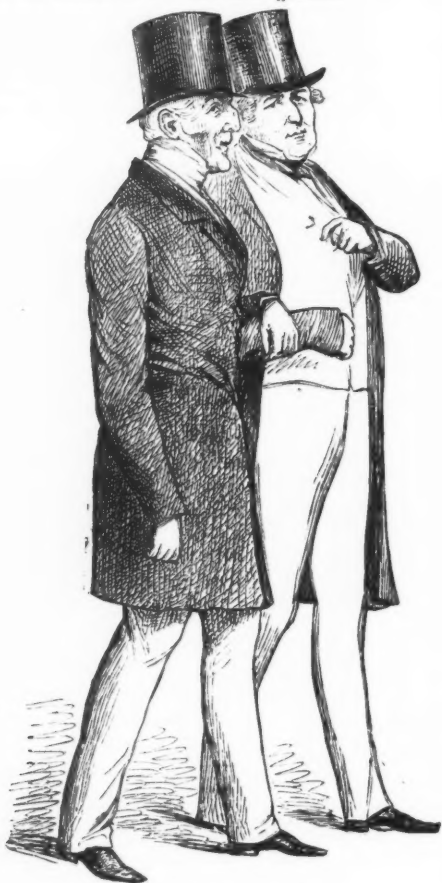
has been decaying and declining from the age of Elizabeth to the present time; the dethronement of Charles I, the Protectorate of Cromwell, the expulsion of the Stuarts, the Protestant ascendancy, the independence of the United States, were all signs of our decline, but it has turned out in the long run as certain verses express it:

"Some of your griefs you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived;
But what torments of pain you endured
From the evils which never arrived.

There were circumstances which happened on the eve of the agitation for the great Reform Bill

eminently unpopular, and his court had only commanded perhaps something more even than contempt and derision. There was disseminated abroad a thirst for knowledge and information; books were high in price, for there was a tax on paper; newspapers were unknown to the great mass of the people, for the stamp duty made them a costly luxury. Newspapers, in our sense of the word, were unknown; those which existed at that time were only, in comparison, like a little *feuilleton*. In the sense in which the journalist is now a great influence, and the representative of a great profession, he did not then exist; he was almost as unknown and impossible as a photographer was then. We have no omens in our day so dark as

those which glowered over the nation in 1832 during the agitation for the Reform Bill. The invasion of the cholera, no doubt, intensified the panic of the year; a fast day was proclaimed on account of the national distress. The Lords urgently resisted Reform. It was towards the close of 1831 that the dreadful riots in Bristol took place, in which a large portion of the city was burnt down, but the spirit of that great calamity extended through the succeeding year. That year, 1832, the great spirits of the age who had moulded its mind, imagination, and thought seemed to be passing away—Jeremy Bentham, Sir James Mackintosh, and Sir Walter Scott—and this all added to the national gloom.



WELLINGTON AND PEEL.

The reforming Ministers resigned, and Wellington and Peel, as the artist of that age portrayed them, seemed disposed to lay their heads together and to adopt a course of compromising expediency. But they could not form a Ministry; the king was compelled to recall the Reform Ministers. They accepted office without conditions, and the Bill was carried.

The voice of Brougham had sounded portentously through the nation, and gave some of the first notes of the coming struggle. In one of those great orations, read with such avidity where-

ever it was possible to read them, he pealed forth the stirring words, "Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington may take the army, he may take the navy, with all the powers of the Executive he may array himself, but I fear him not; *the schoolmaster is abroad*, and I will trust to him, armed with his primer, rather than to the soldier with his bayonet." Brougham inherited an ancient name although he held but a small estate; his ancestry and his high education and versatility of attainment well fitted him to be, in those years, the advocate of a liberalising aristocracy, while his prodigality of popular eloquence fitted him for the tribune of a high-spirited people.

How many of those whose names were then on every tongue, whose every word in public—and often in private—was recorded and recited, have passed out of memory, men whose personal character, whose calm judgment, or whose vehement passions were enlisted on one side or other in the great political tournament. Some of these could scarcely be spoken of as leaders, in the eminent sense which that designation implies, for the mighty leaders are not usually permitted to pass so speedily out of sight.

There was Sir Charles Wetherell, for instance. Sir Charles, odd character as he seems, was a Tory of the staunchest type. In 1829 the Duke of Wellington offered him one of the highest of the objects of a barrister's ambition, on condition of his supporting the Government in the measure for Catholic emancipation, but he held fast his integrity, notwithstanding the strength of the temptation; he would not realise nor recognise the principle of expediency. He pursued towards the measure of Reform the same uncompromising hostility, and the Reform Bill unseated him, and his absence from the House of Commons was a circumstance of regret not only to all his party, but even to many who were most adverse to him in politics. For a long time, when he rose to speak in the House, it was the signal at once for listening and for laughter; his looks were grim and morose; his appearance was said to remind you of that of a friar who had managed to escape after twenty or thirty years of ascetic seclusion in a convent. His bitterest philippics and denunciations were full of jokes; they tumbled forth from a mouth whose face never smiled, and it gave you the impression that he did not himself see the wit or the humour which convulsed the House with laughter. He appears to have been an amazing worker, was capable of enduring terrible fatigue, and he fought and opposed every provision of the Reform Bill inch by inch. Yet it was his entrance into Bristol, as the Recorder of the city, which created the destructive riots to which we have already referred. With those riots, although the innocent cause of them, his name will ever be associated. He was regarded as the most virulent and vehement antagonist to all ideas of the extension of political power in the Commons. He was the great obstructionist of that day, he protracted debates until long after the sun was high in the heavens and men were astir with their business. We suppose he was a great lawyer, but certainly a retrograde politician. He

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was the butt of perpetual ridicule, but especially on account of his personal appearance. James Grant, in his "Random Recollections of the House of Commons," says, "I never knew a suit of clothes upon him for which a Jew merchant would have given ten shillings." It is said that no one ever saw him with a new or decent hat or coat. There was a more remarkable characteristic about this singular worthy—all his clothes hung loosely about him, "whether," says Grant, "like the elder Hannibal towards the Romans, he had sworn an eternal hostility to what he called 'suspenders' is not known, but certainly all his friends believed that he would as soon find his neck suspended by a halter as his nether garments supported by a pair of braces." It was this which led to the jocular poem of Tom Moore:—

"Of all the misfortunes as yet brought to pass
By this comet-like Bill, with its long tail of speeches,
The saddest and worst is the schism which, alas!
It has caused between Wetherell's waistcoat and breeches.

*Who, in short, would not grieve if a man of his graces
Should go on rejecting, unwarn'd by the past,
The 'moderate Reform' of a pair of new braces,
Till, some day, he'll all fall to pieces at last?"*

Such was Sir Charles Wetherell, who, if one of the drollest of men, was also one of the most conspicuous and consistent; and, if one of the most virulent, not the less one of the most respected and trusted of the antagonists of the Bill.

By what strange chances do men's names survive in history. Our readers will remember an anecdote of Brougham and Wellington, in those days, when friendly feelings had succeeded to the more hostile opinions of past years. They met in the robing-room of the House of Lords; Wellington had just come down to the House in one of those recently invented carriages to which a builder in Long Acre had given the name of the great orator of his age—a Brougham; and Wellington said, "My lord, I find I have been under a great mistake; I thought you would go down to posterity as the friend of the negro, the apostle of education, the reformer of ancient abuses, and of charitable endowments; but no, I perceive it now, you will be known hereafter and to posterity only as the inventor of a carriage." "And I," said Brougham—"I have also been under a mistake; I thought that your grace would be known to future years and to posterity as the hero of a hundred fights, the restorer of Spain, the victor of Bonaparte and of Waterloo; but no, no, it will not be so, your grace will only be known to future generations as the inventor of a pair of boots!" It was a very pretty play of wit, but it also illustrates how even great men and great politicians are better known by some eccentricity attaching to their character than by their more solid claims for fame.

It was on June 7, 1832, the royal assent was given by commission to the Reform Bill. The first Reformed House of Parliament did not meet until the 29th of January, 1833. It was on the

6th of November, 1832, that a deputation of forty gentlemen from the City of London, headed by the Lord Mayor, Sir John Key, waited upon Earl Grey and Lord John Russell, to present them with gold cups, the produce of penny subscriptions, representing over three hundred thousand subscribers; the cups weighed eighty-five ounces, and would contain five pints each. Brougham, the Lord Chancellor of the Reformed Cabinet, also received a cup of the same weight and value, but was probably not in London to receive the deputation with Grey and Russell. This event sufficiently indicates the tone of feeling towards the Reform Bill in the great metropolis.

And if now we could enter that new chamber, constituted through so many difficulties, and now convened amidst so many fears, the phantom chamber with its phantom members would present an interesting spectacle. Few of its members remain to-day; the very walls long enclosing the theatre of so many and various scenes were soon to pass away. It is significant of the good spirit in which the House assembled that the first speaker, Sir Charles Manners Sutton, was the same who had occupied that place since the year 1817, and, although pledged against the measure for Reform, he found himself in his old place, and the House again echoed with his clear, firm, and sonorous voice. The men who were shortly to startle the House and the country by new measures had not as yet arrived, or made their appearance; there were the men who, like Peel or Palmerston, waited and watched the course which the current was to take; but amongst the new members on that 29th of January, 1833, no one is more interesting than the handsome and high-charactered young member for Newark, with the renown of university scholarship, then the hope and admiration of the Tory party, William Ewart Gladstone.

Among the great initiators and leaders of the Reform movement it seems to us that no name is surrounded with a brighter atmosphere of dignified consistency than that of Earl Grey. For a long course of years, before the measure took any practical shape in the House, he had introduced and advocated its great ideas and leading provisions. He commenced his political career when very young, and through the course of a long life maintained a high consistency, whether as Mr. Grey, as Lord Howick, or as the representative of an earldom; and not less when in the Reformed Parliament he became the First Minister to the Crown. He commended himself to the approbation of the nation by the union of high with advancing principles, calm and deliberate judgment, and by an eloquence, chaste, classical, and, although dignified, yet fervid. He appealed to no passions; he avoided all personalities; he was quite aristocratic in his bias; and yet his nature was singularly sensitively alive to all the finer feelings of humanity. He was wholly indifferent to place, and seemed only desirous to appear in Parliament at all when some great exigency occurred. In fact, he appears before us as all that we can understand by a perfect gentleman. He was independent, evidently, both by position and taste, of all ambition or

desire for office. Such faults as he had sprang from his position. He was proud of his title, proud of the long line of an illustrious name, and while able to appreciate genius and talent highly, there can be little doubt that these could not weigh in his mind against the glories of an illustrious and ancient name. Such was Charles Grey, who may be really regarded as the father of the Reform movement and measure. He had passed to the House of Lords before the Bill was introduced. The conflict devolved upon younger men, but for years, when disgrace and ignominy, imprisonment, transportation, and even death were the rewards of such agitations, he had lent to the movement, not only the support of his high and honourable name, but in his place, when in the Lower House, had frequently attempted to vindicate the righteousness and wisdom of the great change.

There was another great peer, one of a race whose name is intimately associated with liberal measures, Vassell, Lord Holland, the nephew of Charles James Fox. No character could differ more from that of Earl Grey than that of this nobleman. He was a most ardent, perhaps it may even be said a passionate, advocate of civil and religious liberty, a warm apologist for the claims of Dissenters, when those claims were very rarely admitted. He had travelled extensively in Europe, had published not a few books, was a scholar, not merely in general classical, but especially in Spanish literature. It was during his occupancy that Holland House became the charming home of taste and the retreat and resting-place of a throng of the highest intelligences of the day, and especially of those whose genius was identified with the advance of liberal opinions or the question of Reform. Holland House was regarded as the most agreeable house in Europe, where books and great men and literary thoughts and things were all submitted to the sharpest and severest test. There can be no doubt that Holland House was eminently serviceable to the cause of Reform.

There was another great literary peer, the Marquis of Lansdowne, he also had been nurtured in the school of Fox, and was a fine illustration of integrity and political consistency, a man of extensive knowledge, of pleasing and unostentatious, eloquence. His house at Bowood was also not merely a home of taste, but the rendezvous of literary men, artists, and great leaders, and, if not *the* Mæcenas, he was certainly one of the great Mæcenas of his age.

It was in the Lower House that the great battle was fought, yet in that House it is singular to notice that the agitation for the measure was sustained by representatives of the most illustrious families. Foremost of all should be mentioned Lord John Russell, many years afterwards Earl Russell; the Bill itself was framed by him. We have sometimes wondered that a person whose appearance was so inconsiderable, and whose speech in delivery was so wholly unattractive, should attain to a place of such undoubted eminence. Frequently his voice was almost inaudible. The present writer had once the honour to head a deputation waiting upon him at the Treasury

when he was prime minister, and even though standing so near to him, it was with difficulty that his sentences could be very distinctly interpreted; yet the House hung upon his lips, and it must be admitted that his speeches invariably read well, however ill delivered. But he represented a family around whose history hung some of the most honoured banners and most famous traditions of freedom, and it was known and felt that he was the worthy leader of a great party and of noble opinions. He had not the eloquence which sways, but, in an eminent degree, he possessed the tact which moves, and men whose presence seemed so much more imposing and considerable fell into the rear, and left him conspicuous in honour, in dignity, and in fame.

It must surely be judged most remarkable that the Reform Bill found amongst its supporters men whose families were amongst the most ancient and illustrious in the land. There was Stanley, afterwards the late Earl of Derby. It perhaps seems singular to our memories now to think of his name as associated with those of Grey, of Russell, and Brougham, as one of the four who were preceded and followed by the loud ovations of the people. He was young then, not much more than thirty, a restless spirit, a dexterous debater. In those days his influence and popularity were very great. He accompanied the Bill till it reached its hour of triumph, and then came the time of agitation in the Cabinet, and he seceded from the Ministry of Earl Grey. He did more: in one of his unwise moods and unguarded moments, of which there were many in his career, he sought to cast an imputation on Earl Grey in what was called at the time his "thimble-rig speech." The speech was no sooner made than it was regretted. He wrote to Earl Grey apologising for it, but, if forgiven by others, he probably never forgave himself. The name and character of Grey were so clear, venerable, and noble, that the speaker appeared to have damaged his own reputation, and the stigma he cast seemed to attach to his own name long after, when the occasion was most likely quite forgotten; so for a long time he occupied a neutral place in politics, until he became at last the great Conservative leader. There were several of those who had fought in the van of Reform who, about the same time, passed over to the other side.

Amongst them was Sir James Graham, but his long subsequent exclusion from office was to him most mortifying and incomprehensible. His friendship with Stanley continued until the latter, succeeding to the earldom, took his place in the Upper House. Graham in after years found his place in the Cabinet again, and our readers will remember that his name has an unhappy notoriety in connection with the opening of letters in the interests of foreign nations, and especially in the repression of one of the early movements of Italy.

But among the more illustrious friends of the Reform measure surely we ought not to forget one of the most faithful, and in those days conspicuous and patient—Lord Althorp, afterwards Earl Spencer—Brougham's scientific friend as well as faith-

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ful fellow-labourer, to whom, indeed, Brougham dedicated his essays on Natural Theology. Brougham says of him: "No one ever hated office as Althorp did." Yet he faithfully and manfully fulfilled every duty he undertook, and so highly was he respected in the House, that once, when he moved an amendment founded on some calculations which he had made refuting a speech by Mr. Croker, which he had unfortunately left behind him, and still, from that consideration pressing his amendment, so assured was the House of his honesty that it yielded itself without further remark to his influence. He had a most vernacular habit of speech, and Earl Russell says, "When he announced to him his determination to resign, he did so in the simple words, 'The pig's killed!'" Yet he enjoyed the largest share of confidence and respect, and he was, probably, only urged to the incessant activity he displayed in the measure for Reform by his sense of what was necessary to the safety and future well-being of the country.

Glancing along the line, it will be noticed in the assembly that some places were filled by new men; one form, especially, would be missed—that writhing, angular figure, with the incessantly twitching mouth and nostrils, the singular outspread hands and distended fingers, the form from whose dire voice rolled those thunderous periphrases, and singularly involved parentheses and

volumes of speech. Brougham was no longer there; he had betaken himself to the serene elevation of the Upper House, where, however, he created, amidst its pastoral and idyllic repose, a turbulence such as had not, perhaps, been experienced there since the great Chatham had gone to his rest. One Conservative writer satirised him as "an Encyclopædia interleaved with Joe Miller."

We have not thought it necessary to refer to the lesser men, the demagogues, like Hunt or Atwood; but, did space permit, Joseph Hume might well deserve respectful mention, his name recalling a sturdy character, and his work for the nation aroused, with others—some of whom we have mentioned—the enthusiasm of Lord Lytton, whose words convey a just encomium.

"To me there's something bordering on the great
In him who labours not for self. The State,
In its caprice, may give him no reward.
Perhaps he bores, and is not born a lord.
The House may cough—his voice no cough can drown;
Reports cut short—no press can cut him down.
Still he toils on—for what? To be of use;
To prune a tax, or weed up an abuse,
Each hour for rest, for home, for health, to grudge,
Unpaid, a servant, and, unthanked, a drudge.
And his work done, sink fameless to the tomb.
Such men have worth—nine such might make a Hume.

A FAMOUS GERMAN SCHOOL.

DUKE CHARLES EUGÈNE of Würtemberg (born February, 1728; died October, 1793) founded a school which reached an unheard-of celebrity, and, having lasted twenty-four years, served as a model for most schools that followed, influencing materially the present Prussian and Swiss State-school systems. This duke—represented in early life as "a rakish young man, whose only care was to tax his people"—built near Stuttgart a castle in the midst of a forest, and named it "Castle Solitude." "Schloss Einsam" was always sending forth gaily-apparelled hunting-parties by day, was ever brilliantly illuminated by night, the constant strains of music and sounds of drunken hilarity making great scandal.

Duke Charles's first spouse died; Francisca v. Bernardin took her place; whether she was a termagant and scolded the duke into reform—whether the duke's conscience, sole ruler of princes, pricked him, is not on record, but he became a model despot. His small domain, perhaps, disqualifying him from entering prominently upon the large European political arena, Duke Charles became schoolmaster, removing the "Hohe Carlsruhe," which had existed for ten years in a more or less creditable manner, to his

"Castle Solitude." His original plan had been to found a military school in the spirit of Frederick the Great, and thus the establishment, shorn of its gay trappings, opened with fourteen soldiers' children for pupils, on February 5th, 1770. Volition was, sooth to tell, no merit of these pupils, for they were "ordered to attend." The subjects taught were—religion, agriculture, arithmetic, and writing; the second item being an innovation upon established precedent. Named by the duke "the military orphanage," "Schloss Einsam" speedily attracted fresh pupils, for, at the end of two months, the roll had grown to sixteen, at the end of the year to eighty, scholars.

It is the penalty of sudden radical reform, that it is not usually believed in; and Duke Charles Eugène, if he expected to be received by his dutiful subjects without cavil or criticism, as a divinely-commissioned lamp to the minds and morals of the young, must have speedily become undeceived. So long as his experiment was exerted upon the rank and file of the honest Würtemburgers' offspring, not much harm done perhaps; but the nobility—*potztausend!*—no never.

Duke Charles was no kid-gloved autocrat, and was determined that his will should be obeyed; so

the noble youths were compelled to join, under penalties which, although not stated, were doubtless cogent, for they did join.

This was in 1771, and the institution changed its name to the "military plant-school," which may be Anglicised into "training-school." From this time forward the foundation grew rapidly in numbers and fame, so that next year saw it with a roll of three hundred and fifty scholars, under the name of the "military academy." Amalgamating now with the "Académie des Arts," the premises were found too circumscribed, so that the scholars removed to Ludwigsburg, Duke Charles himself marching to the new site at the head of his young troops. Here—an unfinished barrack—law, medicine, commerce, and philosophy were added to the curriculum, pupils coming from far and near.

April, 1777, was a red-letter month for the academy, since the Emperor Joseph II came personally to conduct the examination, granting to the institution university faculties in law, medicine, military economy, philosophy, and the liberal arts, but not in theology. The Czar Paul, of Russia, when grand duke, visited the place; so also did Charles Augustus of Weimar, who, assisted by the poet Goethe, gave prizes, Schiller being at the time a resident pupil. One Captain Seeger was principal at this time; he is described as "rough and excitable," idiosyncrasies that are not unlikely to have been toned down by the historian. Under the captain were two majors, six captains, ten lieutenants, and fifteen supervisors, each having charge over nine pupils, one hundred and thirty men constituting the entire teaching and supervising force. No restrictions were made as to faith or age; the charges were for pupils up to eight years of age, 150 gulden; thence, up to the fifteenth year, 300 gulden.

The young community was divided into "cavaliers" and "pupils," *i.e.*, nobles and commoners, the former wearing an order of nobility on the shoulder and sitting apart from the others at table. Minor subdivisions were "chevaliers," they who had taken four prizes at one examination; "grand chevaliers," winners of eight prizes—these wore an order round the neck and a star upon the breast. "Chevaliers" were drawn from nobles and commoners alike. The uniform of the scholars was a jacket of steel colour, with a black collar and "binding," also white breeches, shoes, and long white stockings; in winter high boots. A cocked-hat fringed with silver, a dagger by the side, long waxed pigtailed, and on each temple a plastered, powdered roll of curls, finished the rather elaborate toilet. Special rooms were set apart for plastering and powdering.

Now let us arouse our young army, aristocratic and plebeian, from a sound night's rest to a fresh day's duties. At six a.m. they get up, whether by tap of drum or mere bell-signal is not said, but each makes his own bed and cleans his own clothes. No time is lost, since breakfast, consisting of a meal-soup, is over by seven o'clock, when morning studies begin, the pupils being dressed in their oldest clothes. At eleven, however, they dress carefully, and march by divisions into the hall for parade before the critical eyes of Duke

Charles himself. Defaulters of the morning or past evening have neatly-folded notes in their hands, which they must present to the duke.

To be publicly reprimanded by one's liege lord can in itself be no laughing matter, how much deeper, then, must be the mortification of having to stand aside while dinner is in progress, and, having inhaled the savoury odours from soup, beef, vegetables, fruits, tarts, wine, and white bread, march dinnerless, yet with outward propriety, away!

The duke dines with his pupils, presiding at the central table. Prayer is offered up at "word of command" by the youngest scholar, he having mounted a pulpit for the purpose; the duke claps his palms together, when the pupils, previously standing by their chairs, make a "half turn" and sit down as if moved by one spring. "Dinez, messieurs," shouts the duke; pupils bow low and fall to. Forty-five minutes are allowed to dinner, after which they rise to order, march out, change their clothes, and play until two o'clock p.m. Afternoon study lasts till seven o'clock, at which hour supper ensues; at nine p.m. all go to bed. Holidays there are none, but excursions and other incidental relaxations occur to enliven the otherwise unendurable dreariness.

The academy was a dangerous competitor to the older-established foundations, so it was much, though ineffectually, opposed by "Tübingen" University, whose attendance sunk from over one thousand to two hundred members.

When Duke Charles died, the establishment declined, and, though attempts were made to bolster up the concern by lavish outlay, they failed. The cost of maintenance for the year immediately following the duke's death, 1794, rose to 84,000 gulden. Ludwig Eugène, the next duke, dissolved the institution, nor was it again revived.

Among the pupils who adorned the "academy" during its palmy days were Moll (mathematician), Abel (philosophy), Kiehmeyer (medicine), Schiller (historian and poet), Dannecker (sculptor), and Cuvier (naturalist). Such is the history of a very famous school.

A LETTER OF THACKERAY.

IN presenting a characteristic letter of Thackeray, in a printed facsimile of his neat and clear handwriting, a word of explanation may be necessary. A distinguished Indian officer, and personal friend, Captain George Francklin Atkinson,* had just published a large illustrated work, about the success of which he was naturally

* Captain Atkinson, born 1822, entered the Hon. East India Company's army in 1841; served in the Bengal Engineers till his death in 1859. In 1854 he was appointed Executive Engineer of the Umballa Division. Besides his routine duties, in erection of barracks and other military works, he was architect of the St. Paul's Church, Umballa, an edifice which has been much admired. He was always busy with pen and pencil. In 1848 he published "Pictures from the North, sketched in a summer ramble in Denmark, Sweden, and Russia." But his Indian works were best known, "Curry and Rice" being preceded by "Indian Sauce for English Tables," and the "Campaign in India," dedicated by permission to the Queen. He was for some time editor of "The Delhi Sketch Book," the "Punch" of Northern India, and his drawings of Indian life and scenery often appeared in the "Illustrated London News" and other journals. In the last years of his life he contributed some admirable papers to the "Leisure Hour," with graphic illustrations.

anxious. Its title was "Curry and Rice, on forty plates; or, the ingredients of social life at our station in India." The book was immensely popular at the time, and a new edition has appeared within the last few years. It was a work in which Thackeray, with his Indian associations, was sure to take great interest, even had it been less marked by the brightness and humour which he would heartily appreciate. His estimate of

the book is expressed in warm terms, but the appeal for his friendly help in getting it favourably noticed by the press is met with a delicately-worded assurance that interference in that way might do more harm than good. The "Times," especially, affected in those days a lofty independence, of which an amusing instance is given in the result of an appeal for a favourable notice of Thackeray's own book, "Esmond."

Hotel Bristol. Place Vendôme.

December 27. 1858.

My dear Captain Atkinson

I received your beautiful book whilst I was in London, but was in such a state of bewilderment and botheration with my own little volume that I hadn't ^{heart} time to perform the proper duties of gratitude and society and thank you for your present and dedication. It was very interesting to me to see what my native country is like now - I have far off visions of great saloons and people dancing in them, enormous idols & fireworks, tides on elephants in gigs, and fogs clearing away and pagodas appearing over the trees, yellow rams and budgecrows too - I'm always interested about the place, and your sketches came to me as very welcome, besides being exceedingly pretty, cheerful & lively. I hope the book will succeed: it must have been an awful life to pay.

As for that little hint about Printing House Square, I have ~~no~~ know the Editors and most of the writers; and, knowing, never think of asking a favor for myself or any mortal man. They are awful and inscrutable, and a request for a notice might bring a shaver down upon you, such as I once had in the Times for one of my own books (Esmond) of w^h the sale was absolutely stopped by a Times article. I wish your volume every success, and thank you for putting my name at its first page. Ever yours Wm Thackeray.

GUERNSEY.

GUERNSEY, alike the most loyal and the oldest appanage of the British crown, lies, like a well-posted sentinel, in the British Channel, between the Isle of Wight and the coasts of Brittany and Normandy. Sundry remains indicate that at some remote period it was visited by the Romans during the Gallic War. In the reign of Edward IV the privilege of neutrality was granted the island.

In 1692 John Tupper, Esq., of Guernsey, discovered the position of the French fleet in the Channel, and promptly conveying the news to the British admiral, the famous battle of La Hogue was the result. The English fleet gained a famous victory, and Guernsey was relieved from all immediate danger of invasion, and Mr. Tupper was presented by King William and Queen Mary with a massive gold chain and medal.

In 1794 Captain Sir James Saumarez, a most eminent Guernseyman, and whose descendants reside here, saved his frigate, the *Crescent*, and two other war-ships under his command, when attacked by a French squadron, by the masterly manœuvre of taking the *Crescent* near certain rocks and through intricate island passages where no king's ships had ever before sailed, and with the aid of his king's pilot, John Breton, went so near the shore of Catel parish that he could clearly see his own house on the land and his countrymen crowding the shore, while the French prison, from which he thus escaped, loomed behind him.

During the Revolutionary War against France, Guernsey privateers were alike distinguished by the bravery of their crews and the success of their enterprises, and it is said that the celebrated Edmund Burke once remarked that "the Channel Islands alone might rank amongst the naval powers of Europe, and it is certain they have contributed their full share to that naval pre-eminence which is the chief dowry of Great Britain."

The present governor of the island is Major-General Nelson, C.B., who in former years took a prominent part in saving Jamaica in the rebellion. The nine rectors of the different parishes sit in the Elective States, and the Royal Court of twelve jurats is presided over by the bailiff, or judge, the first civil officer in the island.

The States decide what public works shall be carried out, and petition the Queen upon public matters.

The laws of the island derive their origin from royal charters, orders of the Sovereign, and the ordinances of the States, and certain statutes of the realm. The laws relating to the purchase of land or houses are so peculiar that strangers should be cautious in purchasing either, and never without consulting a professional man.

The extensive and heavily-armed fortifications, the strategical position Guernsey holds in the

British Channel, the difficult and dangerous navigation round the island, the numerous sunken rocks, and special setting of tidal waters, render it a most important and valuable possession to Great Britain, with which it is connected by telegraph.

Guernsey, if necessity arose, would form a valuable depot for stores, provisions, and *matériel* of war, an admirable rendezvous for a portion of our fleet, and an advanced point from which guard could be kept over Channel commerce and shipping; also a watch over a considerable portion of the Continental coast. The numerous barracks scattered over the island, and suitable positions for encampments, could readily, if need arose, be utilised at short notice.

The mail steamers, *via* Southampton and Weymouth, are the usual means of visiting Guernsey from England, and the tourist may take interest in noticing during the passage the Casquet Rocks, with its lighthouse of white light shining through three successive flashes of about two seconds each, divided by intervals of about three seconds' darkness, and the powerful siren trumpet to sound signals during foggy weather. Often the spray of the ocean flies over double the height of the tower—fifty feet above the sea—but on the rock, enclosed by four walls is a small garden, formed with earth from Alderney, and vegetables are sometimes grown. Upon those rocks, tradition has it, Prince William perished in the White Ship. Mrs. Hemans beautifully tells us—

"The bark that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son!
He lived, for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow breaks its chain;
Why comes not death to those who mourn?—
He never smiled again."

Off these rocks, October 5th, 1744, the *Victory*, of 110 guns, Admiral Sir J. Batches, and 1,100 seamen and marines, perished.

On approaching the White Rock Pier we notice the principal town, St. Peter le Port, the citadel of Fort George, Richmond Barracks, and Torteval Church, while we see the whole of the western shore of the island is girt with rugged, angry-looking rocks.

As the harbour is reached, the houses, churches, windmills, and landscape stand out in bold relief against the sky. The arrival of the mail steamers is indicated to the community by a huge elongated ball hoisted on the mast of the signal-stations at Fort George and Castle Cornet, above the upper arm. The Custom House does not trouble passengers, and there are plenty of big carriages, also tiny carriages drawn by one horse, called chairs, for accommodation of the tourists.

The hotels and lodging-house at Mr. Brouard's, 26, Esplanade, lie close to the landing-place, and are clean, moderate in their charges, cooking excellent, and very comfortable.

A drive round Guernsey may extend about thirty-six miles, but a drive of eight miles will run across it. The land on the south side is fairly elevated, and lowers towards the north.

Many remarkable rocks—the Hanois on the west shore, Brayes on the north-west—encompass the island, and to the east are the picturesque little islands of Herm (with its celebrated shell beach, the delight of children), Jethou, and Sark, also surrounded by rocks. On the s.s.e. point of the island a tower (a famous mark for shipping) 100 feet high and 408 feet above the sea, in honour of Lieutenant-Governor Sir John Doyle, was erected some years ago.

The extensive well-sheltered harbour of St. Peter le Port (the principal town), with its massive stone piers and useful fixed luminous red light, was built by local enterprise, the Guernsey people almost exclusively subscribing the £350,000 necessary. Interest is given at 3 per cent., with the repayment of the principal, by drawing the bonds paid out of the funds accruing from wharfage and other dues, extending over forty-five years, so that at the end of that time the harbour will become the unencumbered property of the State of Guernsey. It is a great improvement on the old harbour. In one corner is a patent marine slip, on which many vessels are from time to time repaired.

Queen Elizabeth endowed a Grammar School for boys in 1563, and it is now a well-endowed college, re-chaptered by King George IV in 1825, with scholarships and exhibitions of considerable value.

An excellent college for young ladies, with its spacious gymnasium and playground, and unique class-room with stained-glass windows, has been opened within the last few years.

The island churches are well worth visiting. St. Sampson's Church, near the harbour of the same name, is the oldest church in the island, and indicates two orders of architecture—Early English and Early Norman. Vale Church, built in 1117, near the ancient priory of St. Michael, has the remarkable feature of possessing two chancels and aisles. Then there is the Church of St. Mary of the Castle, built of warm-looking coloured granite, with its tower and northern transept. We find St. Saviour's Church on an elevated situation, not indeed pointing with taper spire to the sky, but of the simplest form of Gothic architecture, reminding the simple population around that within its walls their marriage vows were spoken, that there the children were baptized, and that in its churchyard they may in time be laid in "God's acre" to await the end of earthly things.

There is also the pretty Church of St. Andrew's, a Gothic building, with its clock, and buttresses, and castellated towers, and spire at the west end.

In the picturesque village and parish of "St. Peter in the Wood" is the church of the same name, having a chancel and nave, north and south

aisles, battlemented towers and windows decorated with tracery. Then there is Cobo Church, built (in 1855) in the Norman style, of Guernsey granite, an excellent specimen of church architecture.

St. Peter le Port Church, said to be the finest in Guernsey, was built about 1312. It is cruciform, with nave, chancel, north and south aisles, square tower surmounted by an octagonal spire. One service is conducted in French, the other in English. Various other churches and chapels of modern date are in different parts of the town.

Certain huge masses of granite, called the Druid's Temple, are visible on the brow of the hill overlooking the Bay of Anchorage, where Robert Duke of Normandy and his shipwrecked followers landed.

The climate is uniform in temperature, the winters being about as mild as those in the south of France, while the summers are cooler than those in London, and severe frosts being almost unknown, its sanitary influence upon invalids is said to be often highly beneficial, and the facilities of sea bathing in the specially constructed ladies and gentlemen's bathing-places, render them alike safe and attractive.

The bathers are not, as is too often the case in England, dependent upon the winds, tides, and crazy bathing machines, but they have excellent dressing-rooms and all necessary comfort and convenience.

All natives of the island (with certain exceptions) are liable to service in the local militia; a highly ornamental, useful, and carefully-trained body, showing to great advantage upon the parade of troops on the anniversary of her Majesty's birthday.

There is an excellent market, which for cleanliness, good order, full supplies, and reasonable charges, may serve as example to many places in England. The mild and equable nature of the climate is such that early crops of potatoes, cauliflowers, tomatoes, and other vegetables, also delicious grapes in large quantities, are readily grown, and aid the supply of Covent Garden Market.

Beggars are never seen, but the poor are not forgotten. There is the De la Court Fund, founded in 1588, for relieving, to the extent of about £500 a year, cases of persons who maintain themselves and their families by their industry. The Sir W. Collings Fund relieves to the extent of about £51 a year necessitous poor, or strangers who have resided in Guernsey seven years, "who through any accident whatever or from any unforeseen cause may need relief."

In 1829 John Priaux, Esq., left to the indigent poor of Guernsey who labour under hernia or rupture "fifteen hundred francs per annum in French rentes, to procure bandages or trusses as they may require," and the testator provided that should any innovation be made different to what he intended, "the capital to be forfeited to any of the descendants of his brothers." Unlike most charitable funds, the money has hitherto been in excess of the demand for trusses.

There is an admirable library, the Guille, presented by a gentleman of that name, who is said to have acquired sufficient wealth to enable him

to carry out his philanthropic wish of presenting a library to his native town.

Of trees, there are plenty of pines and firs; the ilex, or evergreen oak, grows rapidly and well, also the Deodara oak, Scotch fir, and larch; the famous "fever tree," from whose leaves tea, refreshing in fever, is prepared; the eucalyptus globulus flourishes in sheltered localities.

Passing to flowers, *camellia japonica* grows on trees; to such magnificent dimensions does the shrub attain, that the numerous flowers and buds on it require to be seen to be believed in. All bulbous plants grow admirably in Guernsey, and their beauty and variety are considerable. In the writer's garden grows that rare flower the pale green coloured *ixia*. The rich red Guernsey lily flowers constantly, though it rarely flowers more

than once in England; primroses, lilies of the valley, and violets abound.

Fair Channel Island, I love thee well. The quiet loveliness of thy landscape in early spring and summer morning can never be forgotten. The weird grandeur of thy storm-tossed waters should be witnessed; the mournful music the fingers of the wind play on the great harp-strings of the tempests, while the sea rolls towards and dashes on thy craggy shores, has a resistless charm.

The afternoon and garden parties, assemblies in St. Julian Hall, and private balls of almost oriental splendour in the grand old Guernsey family mansions, would require a separate "feuillon" to do them justice, but it is well our bachelor friends should know that each recurring Easter brings many weddings.

THE DOMESTIC FILTER.

MOST well-appointed homes are nowadays supplied with water-filters. The possessor of a good filter usually perhaps disregards all admonitions as to "organic impurities" in the water-supply, and thinks his household secure; yet it was stated the other day by one whose knowledge of such matters is equalled by very few, that probably a majority of the filters on which implicit reliance is placed are a good deal worse than useless. They positively contaminate the water passed through them, and would render it dangerous to health even if it were quite pure when poured into them.

Many filters are defective in principle. Without specifying any particular make, it may be stated broadly that nothing capable of organic decay—nothing capable of becoming rotten—should be tolerated in a filter. Wood, cork, sponge, animal or vegetable fibre of any kind, should never be tolerated as a filtering material, or even as a part of the apparatus coming in contact with the water. All such materials are sure, sooner or later, to decay, and to impart dangerous impurity to the water.

This, however, is now so well recognised by all filter-makers of repute, and by most purchasers, that it is not necessary to dwell much on this point. A far more common source of danger is the neglect of filters when they become no longer capable of doing duty, and this, it cannot be too clearly insisted on, becomes sooner or later the case with all filters, however good they may have been originally. How long a filter may be used without requiring attention it would be delusive to pretend to say. No rule can be laid down. It must obviously depend upon the nature of the filtering material, and the bulk of it as compared with the quantity of water passed through it, as well as upon the purity or impurity of the fluid it is required to filter. Dr. Frankland has testified

that animal charcoal—among the best of filtering materials—lost its power to reduce the hardness of water after a fortnight's use, though it was still capable of diminishing organic impurity at the end of six months. Its power, however, was in this respect much impaired by this time. Some of the London water companies used to employ animal charcoal for filtering the supply distributed through London. The New River Company found that unless they renewed their material about every six months their filtering became inefficient, while the greater impurity of Thames water at that time required a renewal every three months. All the companies now use beds of sand, gravel, shells, hoggins, and so forth, arranged in strata one above another, the silicious sand on the top constituting the real filter. The surface of this sand to the depth of half an inch or so has to be removed at intervals depending upon circumstances, and varying perhaps from a week to a couple of months, while on each occasion the sand from which the top layer has been removed is well stirred about and exposed to the air.

It is commonly supposed that a filter is merely a superior form of strainer, and that its action is merely that of a colander or sieve, allowing the fluid to pass through but arresting all solid matter it may contain. Of course this is so to a very great extent, and it was at one time supposed that charcoal and sand and sponge, and many other things used for purifying water, were effectual in doing so merely because their particles presented to the percolating fluid such a large expanse of irregular surface that they were peculiarly capable of affording a lodgment to a large accumulation of any kind of solid matter. It is now, however, considered that this arresting of impurity is only a part of the functions of a filter; that it not only arrests any kind of organic matter contained in the fluid passed through it, but actually destroys a

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good deal of it. It has been stated, too, that a good filter eliminates much of the inorganic impurity which is dissolved in the water. There is, we believe, no question that the best kinds of filters do exert a chemical influence of this kind in addition to the merely mechanical action of straining the water. How they do this it may be worth while to endeavour to explain on the authority of several able chemists, who seem to have had their wits set to work by some curious facts elicited in connection with the filter-beds of the London companies. They were found to be drawing their supplies from the most polluted sources, and yet were distributing a supply singularly pure under the circumstances, while their filter-beds, which were evidently instrumental in effecting the change, proved under examination to hold nothing like the proportion of impurity which they must have abstracted from the water passed through them. One or two of the companies were drawing supplies from the Thames much lower down than they are permitted to do now, at a time when the river received all the sewage of London and of all the other towns on its banks. In the filtered water, however, there was only a small amount of impurity. The filter-beds must therefore have intercepted a great quantity of filth, yet when these beds came to be carefully examined the impurity they contained was comparatively trifling. What had become of it? The answer that some able chemists gave to this question was that a large percentage of the organic matter that had been poured into the filter-beds had been "oxydised" as it passed through. In other words, it had been burnt up.

The chemical reader will not be perplexed by this explanation, although this burning must have taken place in the very midst of the water as it percolated slowly through the sand. Every one with a smattering of chemistry knows very well that combustion is merely the chemical combination of elementary substances. The oxygen of the air slowly combines with a piece of iron and we call it rusting or oxydising. This same oxygen combines rapidly with the constituents of coal gas and we call it combustion; but virtually the same process is going on in each case. The slow decay of a leaf on the bed of a river is a natural process precisely similar in its nature to that of the combustion of a piece of wood thrust into the fire. The answer of the chemists, then, to the question as to what had become of the impurity in the water amounted to this—that in passing through the filter-beds this organic matter had been brought into contact with oxygen and decomposed, and its elements made to enter into other combinations. Thus a particle of decayed vegetable matter would have been resolved into carbon, nitrogen, and hydrogen, and, recombining with the oxygen met with in the filter-bed, would be transformed into so much carbonic acid gas, ammonia, and water. The little particle of impurity would in fact have been oxydised; it would have been burnt up and have disappeared. That is how the chemists explain to us that very dirty water may be put into a filter and may run out

very clean, and yet when the process is completed the filter may contain considerably less impurity than it has abstracted from the water.

But now comes another question. In what way does the filtering material bring organic impurity into such close contact with oxygen as to effect this decomposition and recombination? The answer is very simple. All surfaces, we are told, have a film of atmospheric air clinging tightly to them. Take, for instance, the surface of a piece of stone. Not only does the air surround that stone and touch every part of it, but it clings to it tenaciously. The result is that all round the stone atmospheric air is a film of oxygen—the vital element in the atmosphere—in a concentrated form. And if we consider what a vast surface all the minute particles of sand in a filter-head must present in the aggregate, and how very minute must be the passages between them, it will be evident that very little, if any, of the water poured on to a bed of sand can find its way down through it without coming in close and prolonged contact with this atmospheric air. Indeed, according to this theory, a bed of sand may be considered to consist of a vast number of minute rocky particles and interstices of condensed air. The rocky particles arrest in a merely mechanical way any impurity the water may contain, and the air destroys a considerable part of it by oxidation or burning. Hence arises the advantage of frequent change or disturbance of the sand or other filtering medium, on the same principle that the surface of the soil, in farm or garden, is disturbed for exposure to the atmosphere.

This theory is one, we believe, not altogether undisputed, but it has been supported by experiment, and it certainly explains the indisputable fact of the disappearance of a certain proportion of the impurity of a fluid in the process of filtration. It also affords a reason for the equally indisputable fact that filtration in order to be effectual must be a very slow process. It is evident that this chemical action cannot come into play if the water be permitted to rush too rapidly through the filtering material. About two gallons of water may be passed through a square foot of sand every hour, according to a leading authority, and, although the various materials adopted in domestic filters are more powerful in their action than sand-beds, because they are more porous and contain in a given bulk a far greater quantity of condensed air, even with these filtration, to be effectual, must be slow.

If the process of filtration, as we have explained it, be understood, the reader will easily perceive that it is absurd to suppose a filter can be used very long without diminution of efficiency, and he will perceive also that, however satisfactorily it may perform its work at the outset, there must come a time when all its surfaces will be clogged up with filth and all its store of concentrated air will be exhausted, for it must be understood that the consumption of this atmospheric film we have been describing is involved in the chemical changes referred to. A block of animal charcoal, silicated carbon, spongy iron, carferal, or whatever the purifying material may be, when it ap-

proaches this condition not only is incapable of eliminating unwholesome matter, but actually imparts its own pollution to the current passing through it. Some very generally patronised forms of filter, indeed, are said to breed, when they are used too long, myriads of minute worms. There

is, in fact, abundant reason for maintaining that although a really good filter, in good working condition, may do much for the health of a household, the best of filters, if neglected, may become a source of real peril, and may give rise to incalculable mischief.

A FELLOW-PASSENGER.

THE first time that I met Mr. Algernon Reed was on board a large steamer homeward bound. I was sitting with my two little sisters on deck, watching the cool awnings flapping in the soft warm wind. The sea was violet and green, with far-away flakes of foam; there was neither land nor yet a sail to be seen, nor a sound to be heard, save the measured creaking of the ship as she cleft her way through the rounded hollows and over the curled ridges of the iridescent water.

My youngest sister, a child of ten, who had only lately recovered from low fever, complained of feeling tired and faint, and asked me to carry her down to her cabin. I took her up in my arms and tried to make my way to the "stairs," as we ignorantly called the "companion;" but the ship was rolling, and I found it difficult to keep from falling. Presently a gentleman came up to me with a courteous bow, and before I could gainsay him he had taken Felicia gently out of my arms and had carried her to her cabin. But my heart smote me for letting him do it. He was about two-and-twenty, very small, with a delicate refined face, and a bright hectic flush on each cheek. His hands were like those of a girl, and had that transparent look, like egg-shell china, which is so common in consumption. His hair was almost white, it was of so pale a flaxen; the eyes were large and dreamy, and had dark lines round them; but there was something very frank and simple in the face—something fresh and innocent, like a child. He did not give me time to thank him, but when, a few hours later, I chanced to see him on deck, I went up to him and expressed my gratitude.

He smiled. "I saw that you couldn't carry her," he said, triumphantly, "and I was only too glad to be of service. What is the good of being a man, and stronger than most people, if one makes no use of one's strength?"

This assumption of strength startled me so much that I was silent.

"There are some porpoises to be seen," he said, after a pause, "if you care to come to the side of the ship."

We went and watched the strange black things leaping gaily through the water, and we gradually fell into conversation. I learnt that Mr. Algernon lived with his mother in the suburbs of London, that he was her sole surviving son, and that he

was at present returning to her from a long sea voyage which he had undertaken for his health.

"Not that there is much the matter with me," he said, coughing all the while, "but I fancy I went in too much for athletics at Oxford."

There is no place in the world so favourable for making friends as on board a ship. The idleness and monotony of the life makes people communicative and confidential. It is difficult to read much, although it would be hard to say why; it is impossible to sleep more than twelve hours out of the twenty-four; and one slow restful day is exactly like another. I used to sit in the shade, with my needlework, whilst the sick child lay on a rug beside me. Mr. Algernon was certain to join us, with a pile of books, and a block for sketching. There is, I think, no friendship pleasanter than that which can exist between a very young man and a woman some eight or ten years older, and Mr. Algernon and I thoroughly enjoyed this intercourse. He showed me his sketches and read me poetry aloud, with a great deal of roll and swell in his voice, and with a certain amount of gesticulation. He loved heroic pieces—Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," Aytoun's "Scottish Cavaliers," and the old North-country ballads. His thin, wan face would light up with enthusiasm, and he used literally to tremble with the excitement and passion of the poems. He was curiously free from the usual boyish dread of ridicule, and took life very simply and earnestly. The world to him was a great arena, in which noble deeds might be done. He himself was a knight-errant, bound by all he held sacred to uphold the right and to protect the weak, for he always had the touching belief in his physical strength, and could not see, what was so terribly plain to every one else, that he was slowly dying of decline. His opinions on every subject were decided, tolerance was unknown to him. And indeed, from his point of view, every matter was simple; there were two sides to each question—a right one and a wrong—for he admitted of no shades. Black was very black to him, and white very pure and dazzling. There were no such things in his philosophy as intermediate shades of grey or drab.

One of his favourite topics was the mischief that he declared was done by the clamour for (so-called) Women's Rights. "It is a physical impossibility," he used to say, drawing himself up

majestically to his full height of five feet five inches, "that women can be as strong as men!" And then fiercely, "Cannot they see that they are trying to do away with all the chivalry, all the most beautiful and gentle side of life? Surely every gentleman ought to feel it his *splendid* duty to protect and help the weak, and to render service to any woman in distress! How can I reverence and admire a brickbat of a woman who elbows and pushes with the crowd! How can I wish to make place for her and help her on her way? No!"—this was said sternly—"terrible as it is to think of, the crowd, stronger than she is, will pass over her and crush her!"

I sat meekly by, assenting. It was a lovely breezy afternoon, and yet so warm as to be a dreamy, soothing time. There was a sense of idleness approaching to sleepiness pervading the whole ship; the soft motion of the vessel was only like the rocking of a cradle, enough to lull one to rest.

Mr. Algernon had seated himself by my side, and was turning over his sketch-book.

Suddenly he stopped. "Do you—do you—admire that face?" he said, a little tremulously, and passed me his book.

Now dear Mr. Algernon's drawing was theoretic rather than practical. He believed in it thoroughly himself, and spent many hours upon it. I am no judge of art, but I can only say humbly, but truthfully, that none of his pictures ever resembled anything I had ever seen or imagined. The water-colour in question represented a young lady with an abundance of black hair and a very uncertain line of feature. I like to be honest when I can, so I said, warmly, "What a quantity of hair!"

"Ah! she is far more beautiful than you could imagine from this horrid sketch."

And then, bit by bit, I gathered that the young lady was a Miss Laura Roland, with whom he was desperately in love, and that she had promised to engage herself definitely to him when he returned from this sea voyage.

"She has—she has," he said, with a painful effort, "a great shrinking from illness, and feared, from some foolish expression of the doctor's, that I was not as well as I seemed. But I shall return so strong that this objection, at any rate, will be overcome."

He went on in broken, incoherent sentences to describe how beautiful and clever and "splendid" she was, and how happy he should be to devote his life to trying to make himself worthy of her.

The pleasant idle days floated by, and we steamed hour by hour out of the warm violet seas into the grey-green northern waters. Mr. Algernon had many talks with me about his future. "I needn't work for my living," he had explained, "so there will be all my life to work for other people;" and then he unfolded to me his plans for reading-rooms in the East End of London, for a cottage hospital, and a ragged hospital, and a ragged school. "*She* will help me in all this," he said, with a quick blush, and a bright look in his eyes.

I was going to land at Plymouth, and Mr.

Algernon was anxious to do everything for my comfort. "If by any mistake your brother doesn't come to meet you; you must let me manage everything for you. A lady finds these things difficult alone. She needs some one with a strong authoritative voice to order about the cabmen and porters."

My brother, however, came on board, and at the same time some benevolent person brought all the passengers their letters. I was standing on deck by a heap of luggage, when I heard a low voice at my shoulder. "May I speak to you?" I turned round, and saw Mr. Algernon, but how strangely altered! He was very pale, and was trembling with suppressed excitement. I walked a few paces with him, and then he said, quietly, "Miss Roland is married; she has written to tell me. I hope she—she will be happy." And then with a break in his voice, "That is all."

His look of utter misery haunts me now when I think of the boyish face, worn as it was by illness. I said the first words of sympathy that came into my head.

"You must never blame her," he rejoined quickly. "She was right to do what made her happy. I wished for nothing but her happiness—only—only—" and he left the sentence unfinished. I had but time to bid him good-bye, and beg him to come and see me in London, which he promised to do.

A month passed, and I heard nothing of Mr. Algernon, until one morning a letter came from his mother, begging me to spend an afternoon with them. "My son is very ill," she wrote; "I do not like to think how ill; but he is very anxious to see you, and we should both think it very kind of you if you will visit us."

I went that very day. Mr. Algernon's home was an old-fashioned red-brick house, with a smooth lawn, sheltered by high yew hedges, that sloped down to the river. There was a field at the back, where—it was June—they were making hay. The garden and the walls of the house were sweet with roses—old-fashioned cabbage roses, single roses that show their yellow hearts, clustering banksias, trailing pink roses, tea roses with their dark leaves, and moss roses with their gummy scent. There were a broad cedar and a twisted mulberry-tree on the lawn, and in the shade of these trees, on a couch, lay the poor dear boy, looking up at the deep-blue sky that showed between the dark branches of the cedar. His mother, who was with me, called to him gently. He started, and put out his wasted hand, with a charming smile. His face was greatly changed. It had that bright, transfigured look which so often belongs to the last stages of decline.

"It is very kind of you to come and see me," he said. "Please sit down, and let us talk."

His mother left us, and we fell into one of our old discussions on books. Then there came a pause. I could see he had something to say, but did not know how to begin. At last he broke the silence. "I have so often told you of all the work I meant to do in the world, and now they say I shall never do it. Perhaps it is as well.

"I am content to leave it." He leant back wearily and covered his face with his hands. I fancied I could see a tear trickling through the thin fingers. "I had thought," he went on, with a pathos which went to my heart, "what a splendid life it would have been—if she had wished it—to work together. But the only way now to do God's work is to—to—" He faltered, and then, clasping his hands, and with a strange, sweet look in his eyes, whispered the words which have comforted so many in their helplessness, "They also serve who only stand and wait."

Then, after a little, he added, simply, "I am

not afraid of death, you know. It is after all only the way out of one life into another."

To-day, when I read in the "Times" the announcement of his death, the blinding tears filled my eyes as I thought of the "work" that was left undone, and the noble projects that never would be carried out. But after all they were foolish tears. Was it not better for him to leave life whilst his love for it and belief in it were still so strong, and before he had learnt more of such things as weariness and disappointment?

ANNE FELLOWES.

WAYS AND MEANS IN JAPAN.

MUCH has already been done by various writers, travellers through the "land of the Rising Sun," or dwellers within its borders, to make us acquainted with its lovely scenery, and with the manners and customs of its deeply interesting people. But I have not met with any definite information as to how the inhabitants of the quaint toy-like houses really live. We will not inquire at this time into the interior economy of the houses of the great officials who answer in a measure to the *daimios* of old, nor will we go down to the often overcrowded dwellings of the humbler labouring classes, but place ourselves under the guidance of a Japanese gentleman to learn from him the mysteries of the *menage* in the homes of the *samourai* or *shizoku* class. The *samourai* were formerly the hereditary retainers of the old feudal nobility. They were devoted to both the sword and the pen. In great measure they corresponded to the *literati* of China.

It is but six years since they were deprived of a highly cherished privilege—viz., the right of wearing two swords. Till that time they still preserved some faint hopes of a recurrence to the ancient order of things which had been almost destroyed by the revolution of 1869. As a result of that revolution, which again made the Mikado the real ruler of Japan, the two millions of *samourai* found their livelihood seriously imperilled. With the estates of the great princes freely given up to the Government, the State undertook the immense liability of paying the hereditary incomes of their retainers. In 1873 some of these gladly accepted six years' income as a commutation of such life interest. In 1877 such commutation was made compulsory, *daimios* and *samourai* all received a lump sum varying from a five to a fourteen years' purchase of their previous income.

It speaks well for the peaceful character of the people, that so serious a disruption of the fortunes of a large and influential class was peaceably carried out, save in the south-west of the empire. The Government, that is to say, the country, was

relieved at once of an annual expenditure of £3,000,000 by the addition of £35,000,000 sterling to the national debt.

This somewhat dry digression has been necessary to account for the present position of the mass of the gentry of Japan. Individuals have of course been variously affected by so sweeping a change. Some wisely invested their money, or embarked in commercial undertakings which have proved successful; others proceeded to live upon it as economically as possible, waiting for something to "turn up," much as did Mr. Micawber. Many rushed into speculations of a similar nature to those which periodically entrap and disperse the means of thousands in England, and the majority suffer more or less from the necessity laid upon them of entering upon various walks of commerce without any previously acquired business-like habits. The army and the police have absorbed large numbers; the students of the schools of medicine, the schoolmasters of the country, and the various officers of the Government in all its departments are all of this class, answering thus in a measure to the upper middle class of English society.

Very pleasant is it to visit the families of these *shizoku* in their ancestral homes, scattered round the site of the ancient castle once the residence of their feudal lord. Grave the courtesy with which you are welcomed whilst the ceremonial tea is prepared. The aged father with sparse grey hair and sinewy frame seems to belong to a bygone day. Can we wonder if he sometimes sighs for the good old times when he donned a suit of quaint lacquered armour and followed the banner of his chieftain to the field? To him the change is terrible from the past and its possibilities from which he is absolutely cut off, whilst nothing better than genteel poverty is left for him and his in the present and future. His sons perplex him with their foreign ways and customs, to which they have found little difficulty in adapting themselves. If he is of opinion that they

looked far more dignified in their national costume than in that of the foreigner (however well made) we shall heartily agree with him. Yet as manfully as they would have faced the storm of battle have these gentlemen of the olden time faced the altered circumstances of the time in which their lot has been cast. To their honour be it spoken, they recognise the fact that their country has taken its place, and that no mean one, amongst the nations of the world. My informant, whose wife is quite a refined gentlewoman, yet by no means too proud to put her hand to the daily work of the house, enters quite freely upon the subject of this paper.

"Yes," he remarks, "when the change came it was necessary to do something, so I became a schoolmaster under the Government, in a country town. My school was a short distance away from the houses amidst fields. The salary was about £2 5s. per month. I had a little money with which I stocked a shop for the sale of sundry articles of every-day use. This store my wife superintended, and thus my income altogether came to about £3 15s. per month. And we lived very comfortably upon this. Our house rent was about 11s. per month. But I will show you my books for the past six years."

So saying, my friend produced an oblong volume, about nine inches by five inches in size, in which the lines ran downwards beginning at the right hand, and there neatly kept were the items of receipt and expenditure balanced each month and year.

"But," said I, "is it possible that a family of three adults and three children can be maintained for three pounds a month? Will you tell me how it is managed?"

"Certainly," said my friend; and he transcribed for me the following particulars: "A family of five persons and one servant. Monthly expenditure—Rice, 18s.; fish and vegetables, 13s. 6d.; firewood, 4s.; kerosine, 1s. 9d.; soy, 2s. 3d.; charcoal, 1s. 3d.; salt, 4d.; pocket-handkerchief paper, 9d.; tea, 1s. 3d.; writing-paper, 1s. 2d.; women's hairdressing, 7½d.; men's, 7½d.; water-carrier, 1s. 2d.; soap, 1s.; one pair getas, or shoes, 1s. 3d.; pens and ink, 2¼d.; school (one child), 7½d.; milk (one child), 4s. 4d.; William (servant), 3s.; matches, 1½d.; brushes, 1½d.; crockery, 7½d.; umbrellas and caps, 1s. 8d.; sundries, 1½d.; cotton socks, 1s. 1d.—in all £3 0s. 9d. Besides these, clothes have to be provided, and doctors' visits paid for, and books and school material bought from time to time."

This simple statement is suggestive to us in many ways. It will be observed that it makes no provision for *saki*, or alcohol in any form. Yet my friend is not a pledged abstainer. Alcohol is by no means universally used as an article of diet in Japan. I know a family of four brothers who are all unpledged abstainers. Only one of these is a Christian. The sad spectacle of a father's excess, and the losses it entailed, influenced them to abstain entirely from *saki*.

Rice is the great staple of support; its price governs that of all other commodities, excepting fish. The price of fish varies with the season and the "take." Masses of the population around the coast live almost entirely on rice and fish. The vegetables include a very large radish called *daiken*, which few foreigners can eat, bamboo shoots, and sweet potatoes. Occasionally these are varied by an insipid jelly made of seaweed, and a sort of bean curd, called *kudzu*. The food generally is of a much cooler character than that used in Europe, and calculated to give less support to the muscular system under prolonged exertion.

Wood is used in preference to coal for cooking. In the absence of iron ranges, small earthenware stoves are generally used for culinary purposes. Kerosine, or coal-oil, as its Japanese name signifies, has now almost entirely displaced vegetable oil throughout the land. It has added to the danger of fire, but its increased light is friendly to increased intellectual attainment, enabling the earnest student to utilise the long evening hours in a way impossible before its introduction. When heat is desired charcoal is used in the *hibachi*, or portable stove, of a more or less ornamental design, and a small quantity is generally kept burning throughout the year for the convenience of smokers, even where, as in the case before us, tobacco is not used. Smoking is very general on the part of both sexes, but the native tobacco is a very mild preparation, and very inexpensive, and, as with *saki*, there are many who never use it. Tea is the universal drink, and very various indeed is its quality. That used by the natives is dried either in the sun or artificially, but not shrivelled up, as is the tea sent to foreign lands. The taste is consequently different, the beverage being far more fragrant. As in China, neither milk nor sugar is taken with it, and it is usually what would be called "weak" in England. Salt and soy are two indispensable adjuncts to the tray, or *dai*, on which food is served. The latter is the foundation of the various sauces which serve to whet the appetite of the dyspeptic dwellers in our great cities at home. It invariably accompanies fish in Japan, whilst the preponderance of grain or vegetables calls for salt.

Turning from the requirements of the body to those of the mind, we note that writing-paper bulks largely in the monthly expenses, whilst pens and ink are comparatively inexpensive. Pencil would be a preferable term, for the pens are brushes fixed in a piece of bamboo, about the thickness and length of an ordinary penholder. The ink is Indian ink, in small cakes, of which a portion is rubbed on the inkstone as required. Books are mostly in demand for educational purposes throughout the country, the great centres for literature being Tokijo and Osaka. Five bookshops as yet suffice for the literary needs of Nagasaki, a city of 40,000 inhabitants. In the country very few of the adults can read, and these are nearly all of the *samurai* class. Conversation is a great source of domestic recreation, and when that fails the *go ban* will be produced, and an intricate kind of draughts will be played, or music will beguile the time should the mother or daughter

* I have put the amounts in English money, calculating the yen satz at 3s., its present value.

ter be gifted in that direction. The richly-inlaid *koto* will be produced and laid before them on the floor, and weird and plaintive are the strains to which a harp-like accompaniment is played. But we have wandered from our review of the needs of daily life.

Hair-dressing is suggestive of the difference between the Far East and West in both cost of labour and customs of the people. At least once a week the lady in Japan will repair to the hair-dresser, who for the modest sum of three-halfpence will take down and re-erect the curious and picturesque arrangement of the hair, which drawings and photographs have made familiar to the English eye. The gentleman will pay an equal number of visits and a like sum, whether his head be dressed in English or native fashion; but this latter is now mainly confined to the humbler classes.

Great places for gossip are the barbers' shops, and many an hour is there passed in discussing the latest news. From many of these establishments projects the red-and-white pole, the old symbol of the barber-surgeon, which still lingers on in country towns at home; and occasionally a quaint signboard in English letters attract attention, as, for instance, "Seihatsudo, Patent 1st class Barber."

The mention of the water-carrier indicates that my friend lives in a town in which but few houses have a well belonging to them. Water is a prime necessity in a country in which the washing of pots and tables is always going on, and in which the bath is used morning and evening; and soap also we gladly see recognised as indispensable, though its foreign name, *shabon* (French *savon*, Ital. *sapone*) seems to indicate that it first came to the country from Europe.

Looking to the item of shoes, many a pater-familias at home would rejoice if fifteen pence per mensem would cover that item for five pairs of feet. Really it is the average cost of one pair of the high wooden clogs, or *geta*, which are always put off at the threshold of the house or temple. Straw sandals are sometimes worn, and cost about the same price. Japanese gentlemen value our leather boots and shoes highly, but the cost of purchase and repair prevents them coming into general use.

Matches are now made very inexpensively in Japan, and often form a large part of the deck cargo of the little steamers which ply round the coast. Warranted to "light only on the box," at times they seem as if they were never meant to light at all. However, they are cheap enough, ten boxes costing about twopence halfpenny.

Brushes are made of rice stalks and of various kinds of fibre. In the autumn the rice stalks may be seen laid out on every side to dry in the sun as one passes through the country villages. Under the head of crockery are included all the various fragile teacups and dishes and saucepans of earthenware which continually need renewing, as do also the umbrellas, whether native or foreign in style. These last, which are called bat umbrellas,

from a fancied resemblance to that nocturnal flutterer, are made everywhere, and sold at prices varying from three to six shillings. The native fashioned oiled paper umbrella costs from five to eighteenpence, according to quality, but has the disadvantage of breaking quickly in a storm of wind. Nevertheless, its cheapness will long preserve it to be, with its faint outline and colouring, a marked feature in the Japanese landscape. The same cause will probably preserve, especially in the case of the girls and women of Japan generally, the very picturesque native dress.

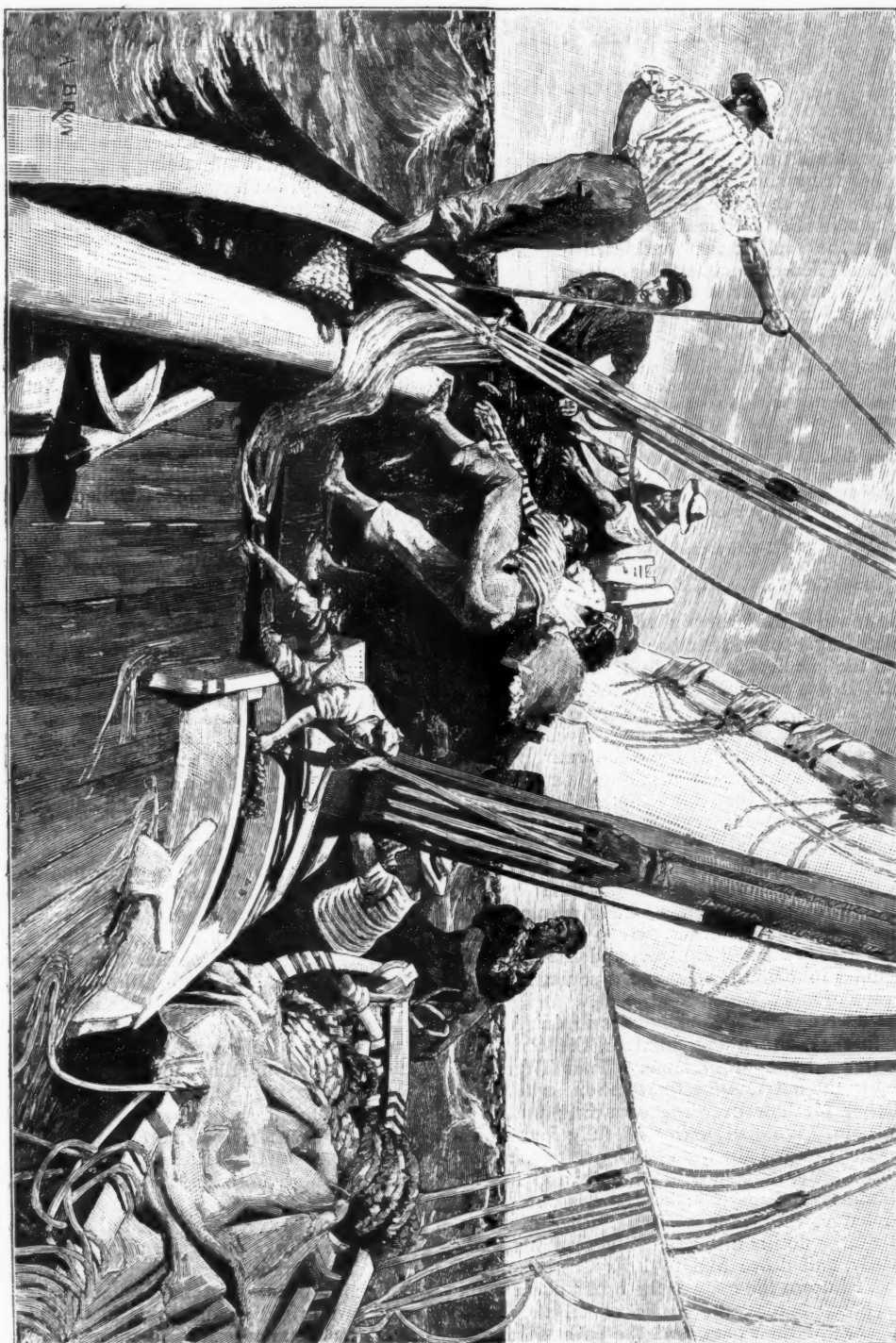
A complete suit of ordinary apparel for either sex costs about thirty shillings, but to this must be added the *obi*, or broad waistband, which is the distinguishing ornament of the woman's dress. These cost ordinarily as much as the rest of the clothes, and run up to fabulous sums when of very costly material or richly embroidered, as is often the case.

We must not forget the *tabi*, or cotton socks, in speaking of dress. These are cut out of long-cloth to fit the feet and fasten behind from the heel to just above the ankle. The great toe is separated from the others, so that the strap of the sandals, or *getas*, may pass through the opening and afford a sort of purchase to the wearer.

Should sickness visit the household, a native practitioner is called in, who will charge from four to eightpence a visit, and his prescriptions will be made up at the chemist's at a cost of about one penny for three doses. The visits will be paid for ordinarily on the recovery of the patient. Should the doctor, however, have enjoyed the advantage of having been trained by a foreigner his charges will be much higher. There are now in most large towns some one or more really well qualified medical men, natives, and unfortunately there are also a few here and there guilty of barefaced quackery. In one large city I know of a *soi disant* doctor of foreign medicine whose only claim to the title consists in the fact that he was servant for a few years to a foreign medical man, and employed by him occasionally to beat up his drugs with pestle and mortar.

Thus we close our inquiry into the *angusta res domi* in Japan, and we can hardly help being impressed with the simplicity of the life it discloses. Our Western mode of life has made our cumbrous stuffed furniture, our carpets and curtains, our multiplied articles of everyday use, and even the great variety of artistic trifles which adorn our homes, matters necessary to our comfort, if not always indispensable to health. And it is true that in cold winter weather the pretty simple Japanese home, with its matted floors and single vase and painting as its only ornaments, is a cold, cheerless, comfortless dwelling. Still we may learn a useful lesson from the details given above of being contented with such things as we have, and of avoiding that overcrowding of our houses with costly furniture and expensive luxuries which is far too characteristic of English society of the present day.

Nagasaki, Japan. A. B. HUTCHINSON, C.M.S.



A GOOD HAVEN.

KILLARNEY AND FATHER MATHEW IN 1845.

A REMEMBRANCE OF OLD TIMES IN IRELAND.

THIRTY-EIGHT years ago take us back to good old times in Ireland, when the national besetting sin of hard drinking of still older times had been reformed by the temperance movement. Before me lies a letter of Father Mathew, the well-known and still-remembered Apostle of Temperance, written in his fine clear writing to my father, a zealous supporter of the temperance cause, which I copy.

Cork, August 18th, 1845.

My dear Mr. O'Connell,—It would afford me great happiness to be your and Mrs. O'Connell's guest, but I have found by experience that injury to our sacred cause results from my not remaining in the town. As a faithful teetotaler you will enter into my feelings, and approve of my stopping at the Kenmare Arms.

On Thursday I shall, with delight, place myself under your guidance on the Lakes. Fervently praying that the Lord may confer on you every blessing, spiritual and temporal,

I am, your devoted friend,

THEOBALD MATHEW.

To John O'Connell, Esq., Grenn, Killarney.

The town of Killarney in 1845 was a densely-populated ugly town, set close to the famed lakes, and to the loveliest scenery in Ireland, or in the world. It was yearly visited by hordes of tourists from whom the boatmen and guides earned much money, which, instead of being saved for the rainy days of winter, was too often entirely spent after the day's labour in drinking bouts. Here was a notable field for Father Mathew's exertions, and he had, on three occasions previous to 1845, visited Killarney, and had worked successfully in the temperance cause, aided by some of the richer classes, by none more devotedly than by my father. Temperance coffee and reading-rooms replaced the public-houses, wives and children were well fed and well dressed, and the boatmen and guides in Killarney became a sober, respectable race of men.

There were some special gaieties in that August week in 1845, and a stag hunt on the charming lakes was on the programme. That Thursday, named in the letter, August 21st, shone a welcome to Father Mathew over the sparkling waters of Loch Lein. We had a row of fully four miles across the Lower Lake from our home to the quay at Ross Castle, the place of embarkation for the inhabitants of Killarney; and there our eight-oared barge, the Erin, awaited Father Mathew, amid a large flotilla of boats. We were in Killarney early, and drove him to Ross Castle, and as he walked down the quay to the boats, cheer upon cheer greeted him, the crews of all the boats lifted upright their oars, and the enthusiasm was general. One town band struck up "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and another the "Boys of Killarney," in honour of the county of Father Mathew's birth. He bore his honours meekly, and enjoyed himself that day like a schoolboy, as

he said. Killarney Lakes are beautiful at all seasons, and were surpassingly so on that glorious autumn day, long ago. We rowed off, followed by a long procession of boats, the boatmen all striving to keep near the great attraction of the day. We soon left Innisfallen behind us, our destination being the Eagle's Nest, for in the woods near it a stag was reported in his lair. As we disembarked at the Old Weir Bridge a troupe of vendors of wild strawberries, and "hurts," and goat's milk, to-day without its usual-accompaniment of "potheen," surrounded Father Mathew, and formed a female guard of honour under the fine old oaks and along the path to the boats. Most of them had taken the temperance pledge, and those that had not done so promised to visit him next day in Killarney to be enrolled as teetotalers, and they did so.

The stag hunt, as regarded sport, was a failure; the stag, preferring the privacy of his lair to a public life, kept out of sight. Some of the hounds of the pack had sought sport on their own account, and, abandoning the nobler game, had started a hare and followed it, and only an occasional note of an excited dog told us that a hunt was going on. So by Father Mathew's special wish we left the Eagle's Nest and rowed him up the Long Range to the end of the lovely Upper Lake, and landed to see Derrycunihy Waterfall, whilst the boatmen rested and refreshed themselves with tea, substituted for the whisky-and-water of other days.

A number of friends and acquaintances met us on Innisfallen whom we had invited to dine to honour Father Mathew. The tables were laid close to the ruins of the old abbey, in full view of the lake and wooded shores, with a background of Madgerton and Crohane. The president proposed Father Mathew's health, and prosperity to the temperance cause, in a bumper of sparkling water, and gave a pleasant sketch of the rise and progress of temperance in Ireland, and showed that it was a Christian movement, but not essentially a sectarian one, for before Father Mathew had taken up the cause so energetically, William Martin, a Quaker, in Cork, and the Rev. George Carr, a clergyman of the Church of England, in Wexford, were both zealous workers in the temperance crusade.

In April, 1838, Father Mathew signed the pledge in Cork, and then definitely began his great Temperance Society, urged to do so by William Martin, "Friend William," as he was called, who rightly judged that he was one entirely fitted by character and position to obtain and preserve an influence over an impressionable and religiously-inclined people, and his judgment was a true one. Father Mathew responded briefly and touchingly to the toast. It was a coincidence to remember, that Franciscan monks in the eighth

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century built the ruined abbey around us, and now, after a lapse of over 250 years since it was laid in ruins, a follower of their order, a Franciscan monk, visited the scene in a glorious peaceful cause.

Father Mathew was born at Thomastown, Kilkenny, the 10th October, 1790, and died at Queenstown, Cork, on the 8th December, 1856. Ireland has seen many dark days since then, and political troubles have been combined with social

ills to retard the progress of the nation. But the labours of Father Mathew have not been in vain. Some of the truest Irish patriots of this day were first awakened to nobler life by the earnest appeals of "the Apostle of Temperance." May he have worthy successors, and may we yet see brighter and better days for dear old Ireland!*

C. M. V.

* We are indebted for this paper to a niece of Daniel O'Connell.

Varieties.

British Association.—The fifty-third annual meeting of this parliament of science commences on the 17th September, at Southport, under the presidency of Professor Arthur Cayley, F.R.S., Sadlerian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge. The vice-presidents are the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Crawford and Balcarras, the Earl of Lathom, Professor Greenwood, and Professor Roscoe.

There's no pleasing Everybody.—My worthy friend Sir Roger, when we are talking of the malice of parties, very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when the feuds ran high between the Roundheads and Cavaliers. The worthy knight, being then but a stripling, had occasion to inquire which was the way to St. Anne's Lane; upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young Popish cur, and asked him who had made Anne a saint? The boy, being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met which was the way to Anne's Lane, but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and, instead of being shown the way, was told that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. "Upon this," says Sir Roger, "I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but, going into every lane in the neighbourhood, asked what they called the name of that lane." By which ingenious artifice he found out the place he inquired after without giving offence to any party.—*Addison, "Spectator," No. 125.*

Soils and Plants.—In the lower Denmark peat the Scotch fir is found; above this the oak, while the present growth is beech. This change of growth is attributed to a change of climate, but it only requires a change of soil. Now soils are always changing, owing to the denudation of the whole surface of the earth by rain. Bagshot Heath is now a sand and Scotch fir country. When the Bagshot sand has vanished it will be a clay and oak country. When the London clay and plastic clay have vanished it will be a chalk and beech country. But no change of climate is required. Plants come and go according to soils. Heath grows on the Bagshot sand to the north of the chalk Hog's-back, and on the green sand to the south of the chalk Hog's-back, but no heath grows on the intermediate chalk Hog's-back. This means simply that heath will grow on sand and will not grow on chalk.—*Colonel Greenwood.*

A Witty Definition.—The joke about an archdeacon's duties being "to perform archidiaconal functions" is often quoted, but the origin of the saying is not so generally known. It is thus told in the life of Bishop Blomfield: "Lord Althorp, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, having to propose to the House of Commons a vote of £400 a year for the salary of the Archdeacon of Bengal, was puzzled by a question from Mr. Hume, 'What are the duties of an archdeacon?' So he sent one of the subordinate occupants of the Treasury Bench to the other House to obtain an answer to the question from one of the bishops. The messenger first

met with Archbishop Vernon Harcourt, who described an archdeacon as 'aide-de-camp to the bishop'; and then with Bishop Copleston, of Llandaff, who said, 'the archdeacon is *oculus Episcopi*.' Lord Althorp, however, declared that neither of these explanations would satisfy the House. 'Go,' said he, 'and ask the Bishop of London; he is a straightforward man, and will give you a plain answer.' To the Bishop of London (Blomfield) accordingly the messenger went, and repeated the question 'What is an archdeacon?' 'An archdeacon?' replied the bishop, in his quick way, 'an archdeacon is an ecclesiastical officer who performs archidiaconal functions;' and with this reply Lord Althorp and the House were perfectly satisfied."

Dene Holes, or Pit Dwellings.—The council of the "Essex Field Club" has undertaken to make a careful exploration of the mysterious subterranean cavities known locally as "Dene holes," of which there are noted examples at Purfleet, at East Tilbury, in Hangman's Wood, and other localities in the country. There can be little doubt that at some period of history these excavations were used for at least temporary abodes. It appears also, from the regularity of construction—or rather of excavation—that the holes are not merely deserted chalk pits turned to habitable use, but that they have been prepared for ordinary storage of food, and possibly as places of refuge in time of danger. Is it possible that they served the same purpose as the once equally mysterious Round Towers of Ireland? One use of these was certainly for safety to life and property on sudden invasion of Danish or other sea-borne marauders. Is it possible that the Dene, or Dane holes, were used for similar purposes? Nothing but a careful exploration can solve a question of much historical and archaeological interest. Contributions to the fund can be sent to the secretary, Mr. William Cole, Laurel Cottage, Buckhurst Hill, or to Mr. Andrew Johnston, J.P., The Firs, Woodford, Essex. Lord Rayleigh, Sir John Lubbock, Professor Boulger, Mr. E. N. Buxton, Professor Flower, and other well-known men of science are on the committee.

Old Graveyards.—The Kyrle Society is exerting good influence in seeking to get disused burial-grounds in crowded neighbourhoods turned into gardens for the poor. This is certainly a better use than that they should be given over to building speculators and to railway companies, as was proposed in the case of the Old St. Pancras graveyard. Whatever is done with these open spaces, provision should be made for respecting the memory of the dead. Where tombstones are worth preserving they should be removed to some place where they can still be seen by those interested in them. A cross or other central memorial should bear an inscription recording the former use of the ground.

George Pritchard.—This once famous missionary, the friend and companion of John Williams, died this summer at the age of eighty-seven. He was Acting British Consul at

Tahiti when that island was seized by the French. His treatment on that occasion caused much indignation in England, and might have led to war with France had not reparation been made by M. Thiers on the part of the Government of Louis Philippe. The "Pritchard indemnité" was long a source of irritation among the French. Lord Palmerston's firmness in this matter was in accordance with the best traditions of our national policy. Mr. Pritchard was subsequently appointed English Consul at Samoa.

Tahiti.—In the pulpit of the Romish cathedral at Tahiti is a copy of the Tahitian Bible, translated by old Mr. Nott, one of the early missionaries, and printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society. When a traveller expressed surprise that a Bible translated by a Protestant should be there, a native curtly remarked, "But for that Bible, no native would enter the place at all." After thirty-four years of French "occupation" there are, at an outside estimate, only three hundred Romish native converts on Tahiti and a sister island Moorca. What a pity it is that the good Emperor of Germany and Prince Bismarck did not compel the French to give up the Tahitian islands, which they wantonly seized!

The Late Sir George Jessel in the Synagogue.—We find the following interesting record in connection with the marriage of a daughter of the lamented Sir George Jessel:—"The Right Hon. Sir George Jessel attended the morning service at the Central Synagogue, Great Portland Street, on Saturday [the date we have lost]. As it is customary among the Jews on the Saturday immediately preceding a marriage for the parents of the bridegroom and bride, together with the bridegroom, to attend synagogue and make a special announcement of the event, and as the daughter of Sir George was married last Wednesday, the ceremony incidental to such occasions was strictly followed. The name of the bridegroom is Mr. Nathan Hardy. Sir George took part in the services of the day, acting as *Parnass* (warden), and performing *Hagbo* (raising the Scroll of the Law). Sir George made a voluntary offering of £50 to the synagogue fund, as did his intended son-in-law of a similar amount, other members of the family also contributing liberal sums; while complimentary offerings in honour of Sir George were made by the entire congregation assembled."

Gossip.—In the change this word has undergone lies a good deal of significance. Originally, to a certainty, a gossip meant a sponsor for a child in baptism; we read of the "gossip bowl," a beverage provided for the party assembled on such occasions. From the talk or chat commonly indulged in then, "gossip" began to have a bad meaning, and the *brank*, used to punish scolds, was called also the "gossip's bridle." Johnson, unfairly perhaps, defined "gossip" to mean a "female tattler," although the world yields abundant evidence that silly and slanderous talkers are not all of one sex.

Hubbub.—A word traced to a Celtic root; the Irish advancing to battle were accustomed to shout, as their war-cry, "A-boo! a-boo!" The English resident in that country formed the phrase *Hubbaboo* to signify an uproar or tumult, which subsequently was abbreviated to "hubbub."

Locusts.—A correspondent writes from Kyrenia, Cyprus: "This voracious insect is a sad drain on the resources of the island. Locust destruction last year cost £40,000, and this year will probably exceed £20,000. A special tax is levied for this. The Cypriot peasant, although well paid, and furnished with screens, will coolly smoke his narghili in the shade and let the insects hop over, or protect his own property and that of his friends to the detriment of his neighbours. What is really wanted is the hearty co-operation of the villager and constant 'pegging away' if the plague is ever to be annihilated. The magnificent crops of wheat and barley which the island produces ought always to allow a large amount of grain for exportation."

Tristan d'Acunha.—H.M.S. *Sapphire* recently visited the island of Tristan d'Acunha, with which our readers have been made acquainted by various communications. The

report of Captain Fullerton, forwarded to us from the Admiralty, states that the inhabitants at present number ninety-three, and seem healthy, contented, and prosperous. Excellent beef was obtained at fourpence per pound, and very fair potatoes at eight shillings per hundredweight; no other kinds of vegetables were procurable. Sheep are a fair size at £1 each. We regret to hear that there is now a general appearance of neglect and indolence throughout the settlement. Captain Fullerton, as appears to have been the custom hitherto when men-of-war have visited the place, supplied the islanders with various small stores of which they stood in need, amongst others thirty pounds of powder for blasting rock for the purpose of building another church, a work which he thinks would take from twenty to thirty years to complete. The labour is entirely voluntary, limited to two days a week, of four or five hours each, and suspended should any vessel call for supplies on either of those days. The blocks of stone, weighing at least half a ton, have to be quarried, conveyed to the site in bullock carts, and then squared and fitted by men who have but little knowledge of masonry. No mortar is used, lime not being procurable on the island.

Labour Traffic in Australia.—We have received several communications about our article in the June part, "Slavery and the Slave Trade in Australia." The title of the article was suggested by the remark of Admiral Wilson, that *practically* this "engage-trade (or labour traffic) is nothing but the slave-trade under a new name." Of course, there is *legally* a difference, but the facts stated in this article proved that the system is open to all the abuses of "the apprenticeship system," which was found in the West Indies so intolerable as to hasten the time of complete emancipation. A pamphlet has been issued by the Agent-General for Queensland maintaining that the facts are exaggerated, and that there are abuses nearer home requiring correction. This kind of argument admits of no reply. But another and more temperate criticism on our article, while admitting that the Kanaka or Polynesian labour should be abolished, says that the same objections do not hold against coolie labour. "There is no reason," this writer says, "why the millions of Hindostan should be left to die of famine when their labour would be profitable in a land of plenty. The Indian Government has means and appliances for ascertaining that every coolie should know exactly the terms of his engagement, and, having signed his agreement, there is no more reason why he should not fulfil his contract than that the English emigrants should not do the same."

[We can only repeat that, whatever regulations are made on paper, it is essential to have sufficient inspection and every possible guarantee against oppression and wrong. With fair wages there will always be ample supply of labour. It has been so in the West Indies, and ought to be so in Queensland.]

Burns's Cotter's Saturday Night.—One day, in the presence of Burns, a boy of thirteen, who had read his poems, was asked which of them he liked best, and replied, "I was much entertained with the 'Twa Dogs,' and 'Death,' and 'Dr. Hornbrook,' but I like best by far 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' although it made me greet when my father had me to read it to my mother." Burns, with a sort of sudden start, looked in the boy's face intently, and patting his shoulder, said, "Well, my callant, I don't wonder at your greeting at reading the poem; it made me greet more than once when I was writing it at my father's fireside."

Sources of the Political and Natural History of Madagascar.—It will be interesting at the present moment, when public attention is directed to matters relating to the island of Madagascar, to remember that in the year 1850 Sir Walter Minto Farquhar presented to the trustees of the British Museum a series of twenty-five manuscripts of great importance with regard to the political and natural history and to the language of that island. These are now preserved in the Manuscript Department of the British Museum; and the journal of the Royal Geographical Society for the year mentioned contains an article respecting the collection. Among the linguistic manuscripts are a "Dictionnaire Malgache, ou Madégaſse et Français," arranged in a double form under

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both French and Malagash words; this book is of the eighteenth century "Dictionnaire Français et Madécasse," arranged in three columns under both French and Malagash words of two dialects. This dictionary is in three volumes of folio size. It was compiled by Barthélemy Huet, Chevalier de Froberville, of the island of Mauritius, in 1816. The same author's "Grand Dictionnaire de Madagascar," historical, geographical, commercial, and linguistic, in five folio volumes, follows in the series. This is a perfect cyclopædia of information upon the numerous branches of knowledge which it embraces. Next in order comes a supplement of two volumes, consisting of notes by the indefatigable Chevalier de Froberville, upon the religion, history, and geography of the island. Froberville's manuscripts comprise, in addition to the foregoing, certain important "Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de l'Isle Madagascar," compiled from memoirs and notes by Mayeur, Dumaine, Lexallier, Flaccourt, and others, in two volumes; a history of the island, modernised from Etienne de Flaccourt's work of 1658; an essay upon the language, dedicated to Robert Townsend Farquhar, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Mauritius in 1816, afterwards first baronet, father of the donor of this interesting collection of manuscripts to the British nation. Among the remaining volumes are "Froberville's Geographical Index;" a communication of considerable length upon the natural productions of Madagascar; "Rémarques sur les rapports qui existent entre les langues Malagache, Tahitienne, Zélandaise, Malaise, et Espagnole;" Froberville's collection of memoirs and official papers relating to the island; various important political memoirs on the development of the island commerce, the first of which is entitled, "Mémoire Intéressant sur l'Isle de Madagascar, où l'on développe les avantages immenses de profit et de gloire que la France pourroit en retirer et où on donne un aperçu des moyens qui doivent en assurer le succès;" an account of a journey to Ancova in 1808, by Froberville; and a volume entitled "Facture des effets de traité, vivres, etc., pour l'approvisionnement du Fort Dauphin, Isle de Madagascar, etc., 1768." These manuscripts relating to the island are well worthy of the close attention and perusal of historians, politicians, and philologists.

The late Sir Edward Sabine, P.R.S.—Within a few days of the death of Mr. Spottiswoode there passed away a former illustrious President of the Royal Society, General Sir Edward Sabine, K.C.B. He was the senior Fellow of the Society, having been elected in April, 1818. He held the presidency from 1861 to 1871, having been Vice-president from 1851 to 1861. He was President of the British Association in 1853. He died at the age of ninety-five, having been born in 1788.

British Fisherfolk.—Out of the 113,640 men and boys described as engaged in fishing, 41,300 belong to England, 48,100 to Scotland, 19,800 to Ireland, 2,840 to the Isle of Man, and 1,600 to the Channel Islands. But of these only about 90,000 are supposed to be *bonâ fide* fishermen, the remainder only spending part of their time at fishing, many deriving only half, and others less than half of their living from fishing. "Fishermen as a rule make early marriages; large families are the rule rather than the exception, as will be sufficiently evident to any visitor to a fishing village; very generally there are four, often five or six children in a family. We will take the average of a fisherman's family to be husband, wife, and four children—six in all. This will give us a total of 540,000 souls, the satisfaction of whose daily wants depends immediately upon the successful labours of the 90,000 *bonâ fide* fishermen included in that number. The most unremitting toil on the part of these fishermen but just suffices to supply those wants—toil which exposes the men to dangers and to hardships of which only those who have a close and familiar knowledge of the sea in its various moods can form an accurate conception. In winter cold and summer heat almost every port and bay sends out daily to the fishing-grounds its fleets of boats manned by their keen and eager crews prepared to face almost any emergency in their efforts to wrest its treasures from the deep." Such is part of the Duke of Edinburgh's description of the life of British fishermen. Further on he states, "The labours of our fishermen succeed in providing for the population of these islands a supply of fish food amounting to 615,000 tons weight per annum,

which at £12 per ton represents a money value of £7,380,000. Vast as this quantity appears, it does not suffice to meet the demand, and the imports of fish into the United Kingdom in the year ending December 31, 1881, according to the Custom House returns, were valued at £2,332,605. Against this sum we must set off an export value of £492,476, which will leave an excess of imports over exports of £1,840,129." The duke tells us that "the total quantity of fish brought to London in a year is nearly 143,000 tons, or almost one-fourth of the total capture on our coasts, and represents a consumption of nearly 67 lb. per head of the population. This is probably about equal to the consumption of beef in the metropolis."

William Tyndale.—The memorial statue of Tyndale is at length completed, and will soon occupy its grand position on the Thames Embankment. The first translator of the New Testament into English, his version has been the basis of all subsequent versions. The story of his life, and labours, and martyrdom has been well told in the biographical volume by the Rev. R. Demaus, published by the Religious Tract Society. The statue, by J. H. Boehm, R.A., represents



Tyndale in his doctor's robes as seen in the portrait at Oxford, evidently done from life. His right hand lies on an open New Testament, resting on a printing-press, copied from the contemporary one at the Musée Plantin in Antwerp. His left hand grasps his cloak, and holds a manuscript, while he is earnestly saying, "If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scripture than thou doest." Upon the press are some printed sheets to indicate that he did that part of the work himself.

Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.—A very curious and interesting collection of personal relics belonging to the famous beautiful duchess whom Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough painted among their finest portraits was dispersed under the hammer of Messrs. Sotheby. These had long been treasured up by Lady Spencer-Clifford, along with many others which had belonged to Lady Betty Foster, the

bosom friend of Georgiana, and who, strangely enough, after the death of the duchess became herself her successor in the affections of the duke as the second duchess, and was also painted by Sir Joshua. Besides many pretty trinkets—albums, Sevres and Dresden cups and saucers, lockets and locks of hair, and bouquets of flowers dead this hundred years, there were a considerable number of autograph letters from eminent persons. Among these were several from Lady Byron to her husband, the poet, and one of great interest, which would seem entirely to confirm the views of Mr. Jeaffreson in the latest life of Byron, although it has not hitherto been publicly seen. There were also some poems in the autograph of Byron, one, "Hear my Prayer," probably unpublished, dated 1812; this sold for £22 10s. (Bain). The packet with Lady Byron's letters sold for £21 (Thibaudeau). A letter from George IV to the duchess, referring to her being presented at Court, dated March, 1810, sold for £11 15s. One from Lady Hamilton (Nelson's "Emma") to Lady Foster, sold for £10 15s. One from Lady Caroline Lamb, sister to Lord Melbourne, the Premier, brought £22 (Thibaudeau). Various letters of Lord Melbourne sold for £45, and his gold-headed walking cane, made from Hampden's tree, sold for £5, while his travelling writing-desk brought £22. All of these relics of Lord Melbourne were bought by Mr. Wilson. Five letters of Madame Recamier, two of which were to Lady Foster, brought £10 5s. Five very interesting letters of the great Duke of Wellington to the Duchess of Devonshire, £20 10s. The most interesting of the personal relics was, perhaps, the album containing the poem by Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, called the "Passage of St. Gothard," illustrated by drawings by her friend and travelling companion, Lady Elizabeth Foster, daughter of the Marquis of Bristol. The value of this album was, however, chiefly in the extremely beautiful miniature in oils by Angelica Kauffman, R.A., of the two ladies, which has been engraved. This album sold for £105. Another album contained poems by Georgiana and others, with various drawings, and the cover bore a charming miniature on ivory of the Duchess Georgiana, by R. Cosway, R.A. This sold for £65. A small library of books brought the total to a little under £1,000.

The late Mr. W. Spottiswoode.—The Dean of Westminster, in his letter in reply to the request for permission for the burial in the Abbey, happily expressed the general estimate of his claims to that honour: "I recognise in the late Mr. Spottiswoode not merely a man of special scientific attainments, but one who from his interest in and sympathy with all the many branches and departments of scientific knowledge was peculiarly fitted to represent English science in its widest aspect, and who was at the moment of his death the chosen and the honoured President of the Royal Society. I recognise in him also a man of the very highest and most stainless character—one whose great gifts were only equalled by the purity and attractiveness, and, I may be allowed to add, the devoutness and humility, of his daily life. And, not least of all, I feel that in honouring him we are not only honouring one whose name is dear to men of science and of literature, and of eminence in every sphere of public and of social life, but one whose memory will long be treasured by the working classes, to whose highest interests and welfare he was so deeply devoted."

Cyprus from a Sanitary Point of View.—We have received from Dr. Hinckes Bird, formerly Medical Officer of Health at Lytham and Blackpool, an account of a tour in Cyprus, where he is now residing. The description of the island does not contain much that is new apart from the personal incidents, but the report of an experienced observer as to climate and sanitary conditions is of value. Dr. Bird says: "Cyprus presents attractions for the establishment of winter health-resorts superior to those afforded by Italy, France, Spain, or Algiers. The climate is perfect in spring and winter, and in the heat of summer there is admirable facility for establishing residences on the cool heights of Tróodos, where a sanatorium for the troops is already projected. Certain places are dangerous from malarial influences, but these are capable of vast improvement by drainage and engineering works, and by plantation. With certainty of tenure under British rule, abolition of the iniquitous tribute,

easy and cheap transfer of land, extended irrigation, and improved agriculture, the enhanced wealth and prosperity of the island would be soon manifest. With the present uncertain tenure, no capital can be safely invested, not even in the providing of proper hotel and other accommodation. The unsanitary condition of the towns and villages is very apparent. It is hoped that a great naval arsenal may yet be formed at Famagosta, a permanent camp at Limasol, with a 'south-coast railway' connecting the two *vid* Lanarca."—[Whether Dr. Bird holds any official post we do not know, but the appointment of qualified and trained medical officers of health, with sufficient power, in such places as Cyprus, would save much money and many lives. The British army, from the days of Walcheren to the last war in Egypt, and in every region, has suffered terribly from the absence of medical officers of health, men specially devoted to the prevention of disease, as the ordinary medical officers are to its cure.]

Too Bad.—Mr. Lowe underwent the common lot in 1836. "I can't make out," Mr. Lowe is said to have reflectively observed after the wedding, "what they mean in the marriage service by 'With my worldly goods I thee endow,' for I took all yours instead." "Ah! but you brought your abilities and eloquence." "Yes, my dear; but I didn't endow you with them." We do not believe this anecdote, but another saying of Mr. Lowe deserves commendation. Speaking at Edinburgh, when he obtained the freedom of that city, he referred to Sydney Smith's saying that "it required a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman!" "We must remember," said Mr. Lowe, "that he referred to English jokes!"

Brewer's Drugs.—Some time since the brewers showed virtuous indignation when charged with using deleterious drugs to doctor their beer. Such practices may not be known in a few of the leading breweries, but beer is frequently doctored somehow before it reaches the consumer. In a speech by Mr. Plimsoll, at a temperance meeting at Derby, he said: "It will give you an idea of some of the things that are used if I read to you the schedule of the things prohibited, and which we may therefore assume were used, for I do not suppose Parliament or the Government would prohibit these things unless they had good reason for knowing they were used. In 35 and 36 Victoria, the following things are mentioned:—Coculus indicus, dandel seed, chloride of sodium (which is, of course, common salt), copperas, opium, strychnine, tobacco, extract of logwood, sulphate of zinc or lead, and alum, or any extract or compound of the above ingredients. These were the things prohibited."

How to Loosen a Tight Screw.—The "Builder" says "One of the most simple and readiest methods for loosening a rusted screw is to apply heat to the head of the screw. A small bar or rod of iron, flat at the end, if reddened in the fire and applied for a couple or three minutes to the head of the rusted screw, will, as soon as it heats the screw, render its withdrawal as easy by the screwdriver as if it was only a recently inserted screw. As there is a kitchen poker in every house, that instrument, if heated at its extremity, and applied for a few minutes to the head of the screw or screws, will do the required work of loosening, and an ordinary screwdriver will do the rest, without causing the least damage, trouble, or vexation of spirit. In all work above the common kind, where it is necessary to use screws, and particularly in hinge work and mountings, fancy fastenings and appliances annexed to joinery or furniture work, we would advise the oiling of screws or the dipping their points in grease before driving them. This will render them more easy to drive and also to withdraw, and it will undoubtedly retard for a longer time the action of rusting."

Blunders of the Wiseacres.—In the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, in the poultry department of zoology, may be seen a pen of fowls labelled "Poule d'Orking." In the museum at Bordeaux are some bones given by M. Joannet, a former librarian, said to have been found in Dauphiny, and to be the bones of Teutobochus, king of the Cimbrians. Will it surprise our readers to be told that the bones once belonged to a mammoth?



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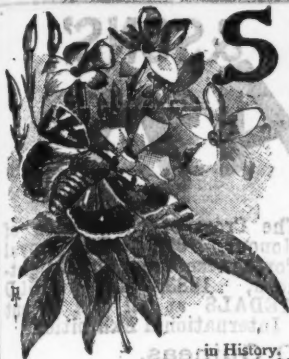
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3. Claims are payable immediately on proof of death and title, instead of on the expiry of three months after such proof has been given, as heretofore.
4. The lives assured, not being seafaring persons, are allowed to travel in any part of the world, without the necessity of obtaining license from the Company, and without payment of extra premium, provided that no residence in any one country be extended beyond a month.
NOTE.—This benefit is granted to new Assurers only, and existing Policy Holders must make special application to have their Policies brought under the new condition.
5. The limits of free residence have been considerably extended.
6. The surrender values of such Policies as are allowed to lapse are held at the disposal of the legal owner for six years, and written notice is sent in each case stating the amount of value.
7. Non-forfeitable Policies are issued, under a new table of premiums by limited payments, securing, after two annual payments, such a proportion of the sum assured as the number of premiums actually paid bears to the total number originally payable.
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9. The forfeiture of Policies through the death of the life assured by duelling or by the hands of justice has been abolished as obsolete.
10. The rights of third parties interested in a Policy are safe-guarded, should any condition be violated without their knowledge.
11. All Policies are, after the expiry of five years from the date of issue, indisputable on the ground of any error or mis-statement in the original documents—fraud alone excepted—provided the age have been admitted.
12. The rates for Assurances on the non-participating scale have been remodelled, reducing the premiums on the younger lives, and making a more equitable difference between these and the profit rates.

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13	1	17	2	23	2	3	11	33	2	14	4	43	3	11	8	53	5	2	4
14	1	17	9	24	2	4	9	34	2	15	8	44	3	14	0	54	5	6	6
15	1	18	4	25	2	5	7	35	2	17	1	45	3	16	6	55	5	10	11
16	1	18	11	26	2	6	6	36	2	18	7	46	3	19	2	56	5	15	7
17	1	19	6	27	2	7	6	37	3	0	2	47	4	1	11	57	6	0	7
18	2	0	2	28	2	8	6	38	3	1	10	48	4	4	10	58	6	5	10
19	2	0	10	29	2	9	7	39	3	3	7	49	4	8	0	59	6	11	5
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On receipt of instructions samples will be sent post free. N.B.—Any length cut and carriage paid to principal Railway Stations in the United Kingdom.

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